PEEK INSIDE!

HOMELAND HOOTERS: CLAIRE DANES TOPLESS

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APRIL 2013

FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD

CLOWN PORN QUEEN
HOLLIE STEVENS
IMMORTALIZED

RICK YUNE
MAN BEHIND THE
IRON FISTS

4/20 SMOKEOUT!
WHY WEED WILL WIN

CULT ARTIST COOP
SATAN'S PINUPS

COVERGIRL
ALAINA FOX

APRIL 2013 $8.99 U.S.

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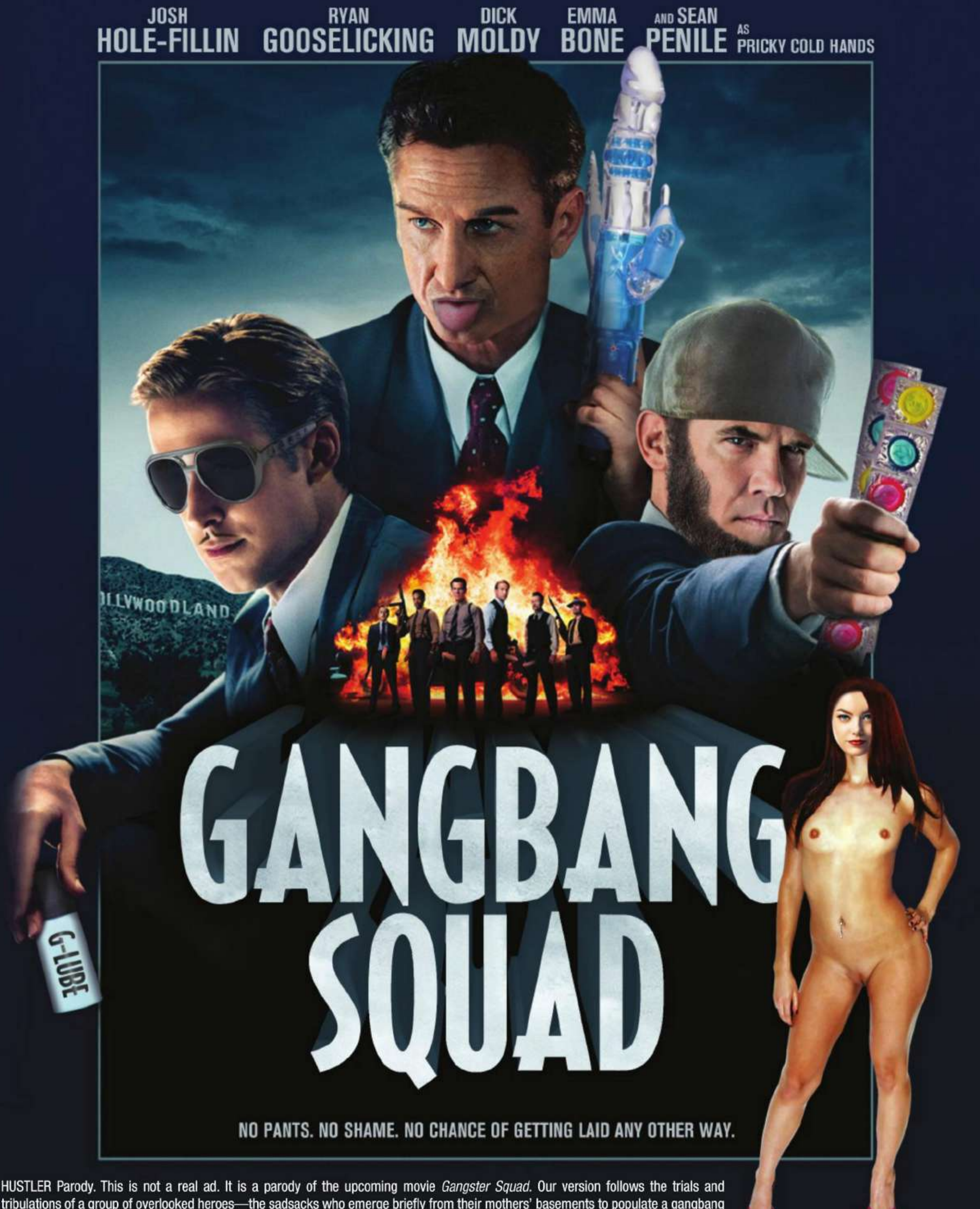
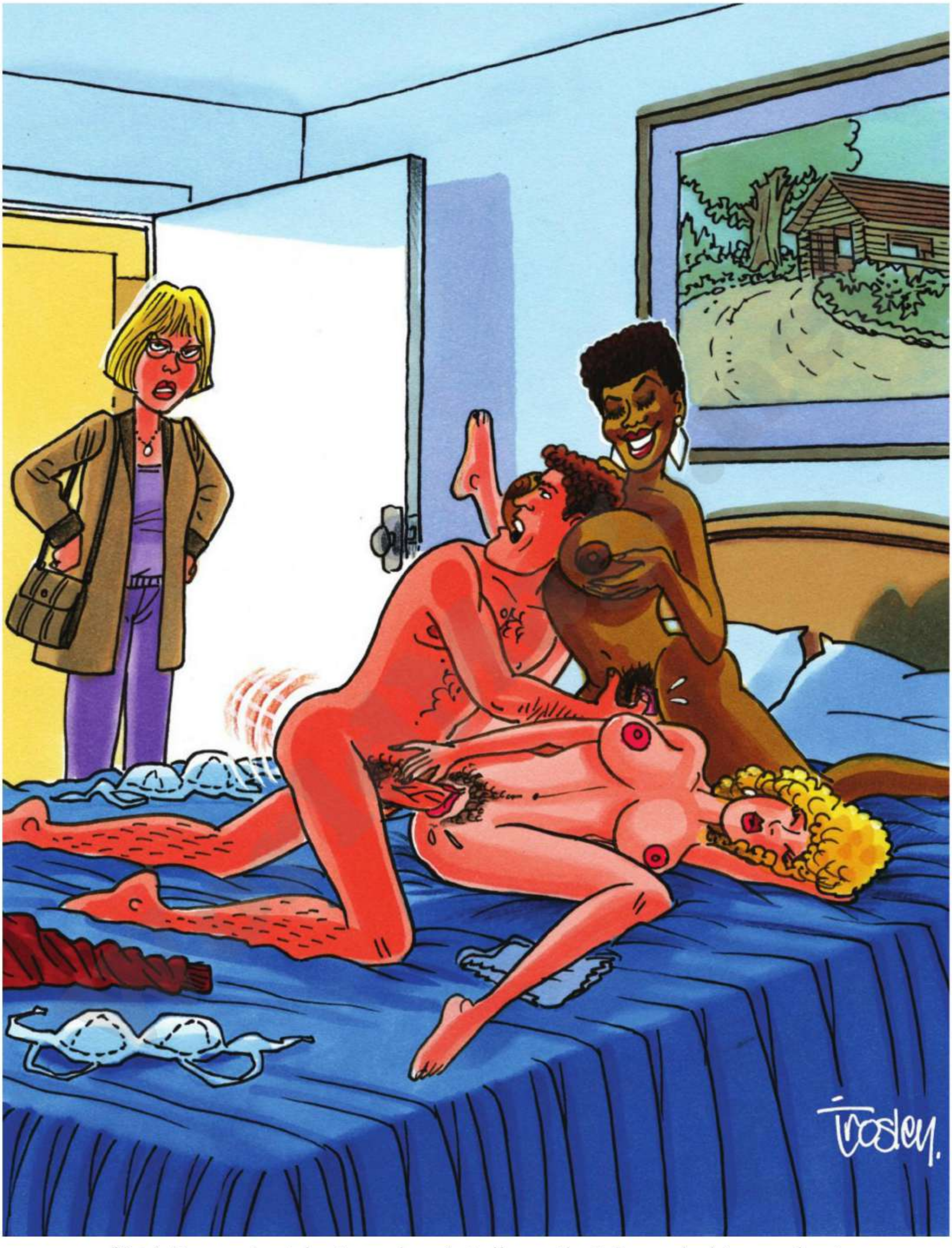

JOSH HOLE-FILLIN
RYAN GOOSELICKING
DICK MOLDY
EMMA BONE
AND SEAN PENILE AS PRICKY COLD HANDS
LLYWOODLAND
G-LUBE
GANGBANG SQUAD
NO PANTS. NO SHAME. NO CHANCE OF GETTING LAID ANY OTHER WAY.

HUSTLER Parody. This is not a real ad. It is a parody of the upcoming movie *Gangster Squad*. Our version follows the trials and tribulations of a group of overlooked heroes—the sadsacks who emerge briefly from their mothers' basements to populate a gangbang flick. These losers know that the chick getting fucked silly by one and all wouldn't give them the time of day if they met her on the street. But when a gangbang casting call goes out, these remarkable specimens don't think twice about standing in line for hours, dodging wayward boners and trying not to gag on the semen-thick air, all for a chance to get a few seconds of genitals-to-genitals magic with a woman who won't even look them in the eye. We salute you, Gangbang Squad.



"Didn't you, just last weekend, tell me that I needed to work at trying to be more affectionate?!"

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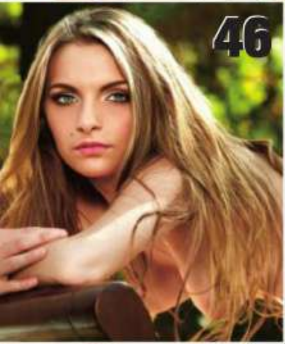

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SEAL OF THE PUBLISHER OF HUSTLER MAGAZINE
H

OBAMA'S STATE OF THE UNION ADDRESS (COURTESY OF LARRY FLYNT)

I am Barack Obama. I am the President. I am relevant. I know who elected me. It wasn't the rich 1%. It was hardworking Americans, union members and minority groups who haven't gotten the fair shake they deserve. I will keep the promises I made. My word is good.

To the wealth class of this country, let me say this: You supported my Republican rival Mitt Romney four-to-one against me. Now it's payback time. I will end the Bush tax cuts for top earners and push through comprehensive regulation of our corrupt banking and financial systems. The era of unfettered greed is over.

I will halt unjust home foreclosures, protect Social Security and Medicare and relieve the crushing burden of student debt on our young professionals. I will enact labor-union reforms that will restore bargaining power and fair representation to our working class.

I will push for nonpartisan election reform to end voter suppression and make states abide by fair-voting rules. People will no longer have to wait in line for hours or endure lies and humiliation just to exercise their fundamental democratic right.

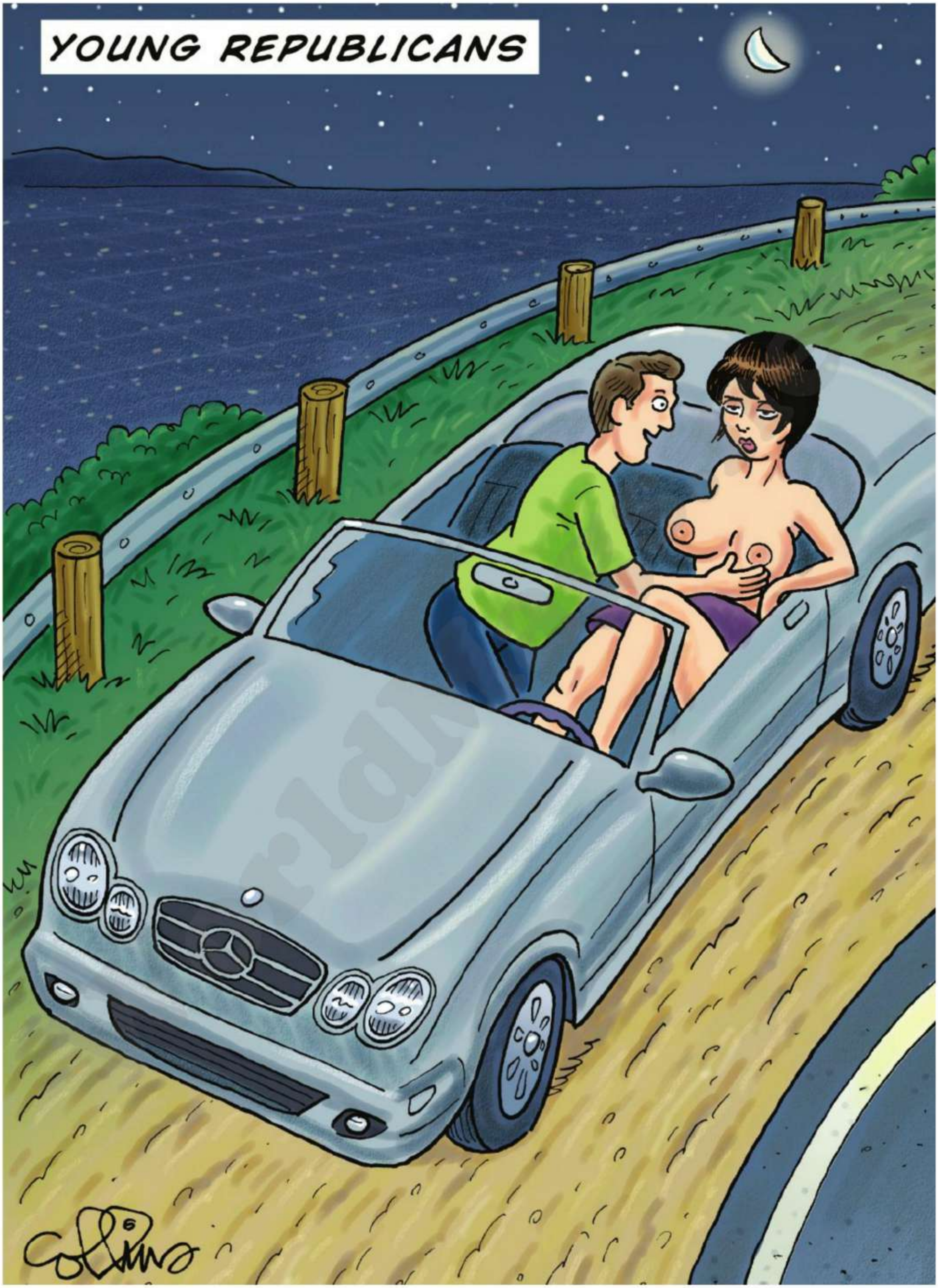
I will embark on immigration reform and build a clear and just pathway to citizenship for anyone coming here to participate in the American Dream.

The frequency of powerful and destructive storms leaves no doubt that climate change is real and that humans are the cause. The United States must take the lead in moving humanity toward a clean-fuel future. I will say no to destructive fossil-fuel pipelines and drilling, spur investment in green technology and work with the world's leaders to seal meaningful environmental agreements.

I will create incentives for investment in new industries, such as biotech and next-generation communications technology, that further the cause of scientific progress and keep America competitive.

If you think I can't do all this with a Republican majority in the House of Representatives, watch me. I'll be reaching across the aisle—but only to welcome you to my side, not to compromise.

I will veto any piece of legislation that comes across my desk that does not have the best interests of the American people at heart.


YOUNG REPUBLICANS

"Aw c'mon, Margot. I promise I'll only put it 47% in!"

GOING SOUTH

WILL THE REPUBLICAN PARTY RISE AGAIN? NOT WITHOUT A CHANGE OF HEART.

Are old white men genuinely nuts, or are they just throwing a collective tantrum? What is it about the Barack Obama Presidency that pushes so many of them over the edge? In this past election, white codgers—joined by some younger men who are dumb beyond their years—were exposed as the only major demographic group in the nation that felt deeply threatened by a well-spoken, moderate-to-a-fault, mixed-race President who was clearly brainier, more informed and far better intentioned than his intellectually unhinged and morally adrift Republican opponent.

Were he white, Obama would have been embraced as the dream candidate of the moderates who used to make up the base of the Republican Party from Abraham Lincoln through Dwight D. Eisenhower. That base consisted of largely modest and tolerant folks who supported racial integration even in the Deep South, where white Republicans stood for civil rights and opposed the racist Dixiecrats who, back then, controlled the Southern states' Democratic Party. When Lincoln freed the slaves and Eisenhower sent federal troops to the South to complete the job of guaranteeing equal rights for all Americans, Republicans from coast to coast rallied in support.

But Eisenhower's Vice President, Richard Nixon, was already hatching a plan to betray the proud Republican record of commitment to full racial equality. What came to be known as Nixon's "Southern Strategy" involved an about-face on civil rights.

When Lyndon B. Johnson—a Democrat who had represented Texas in the U.S. Senate—became President, he betrayed the Dixiecrats by getting the Voting Rights Act passed. Suddenly, this was not your granddaddy's South anymore because the descendants of former slaves finally were fully emancipated with a federally guaranteed right to vote. When LBJ signed the historic legislation in 1965, he threw the switch that turned the Deep South from blue to red, thus ensuring that whites below the Mason-Dixon Line would become the last bastion of racist idiocy.

Nixon jumped on that opportunity to champion reactionary madness when he successfully ran for President in 1968. He blatantly appealed to the evil that lurked in the white Southern soul as evidence of a "normal" America as opposed to the Democratic Party's subversive "hippies" who had rallied around Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. and were also labeled as unpatriotic because they opposed the stupidity represented by the Vietnam War.

Nixon was shrewd enough to know that he couldn't campaign in the South as an avowed racist without alienating the bulk of the nation's Republican and independent voters beyond the old Confederacy. So he used code language by identifying with the South's Christian Right.

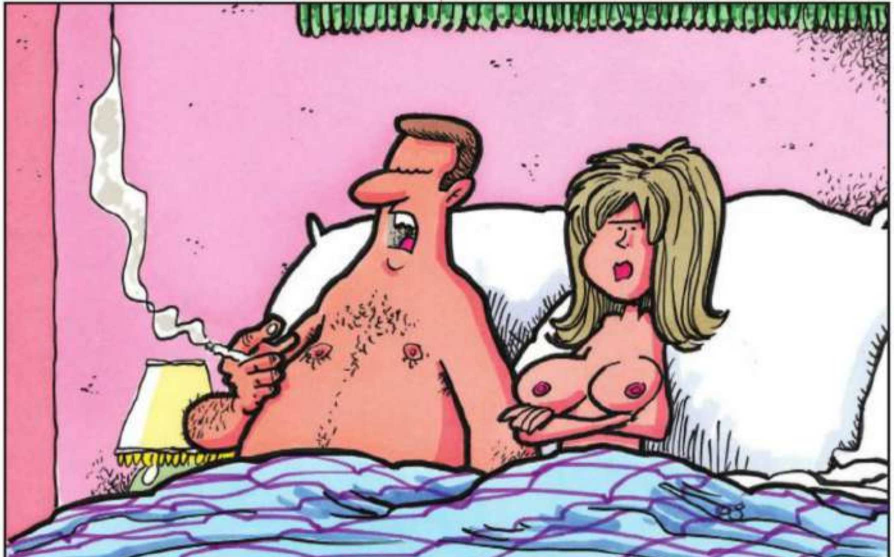
The Southern Baptist church was a product of the moral deformity of slavery and segregation, and Nixon seized upon the white Baptists' alienation from the post-Dixiecrats Democratic Party. The result of that unholy alliance was a revamped and indelibly racist Southern GOP, whose central goal was to prevent recently enfranchised black voters from hooking up with moderate whites to form a truly modern New South.

Instead, thanks to the sly endorsement of religious bigotry, the South became the haven of intolerance. But now the cracks are showing. The economy and demographics of the South have profoundly changed. In this past Presidential election, we witnessed a rise in reason when Florida went for Obama, who garnered considerable support from Latinos as well as younger white and female voters.

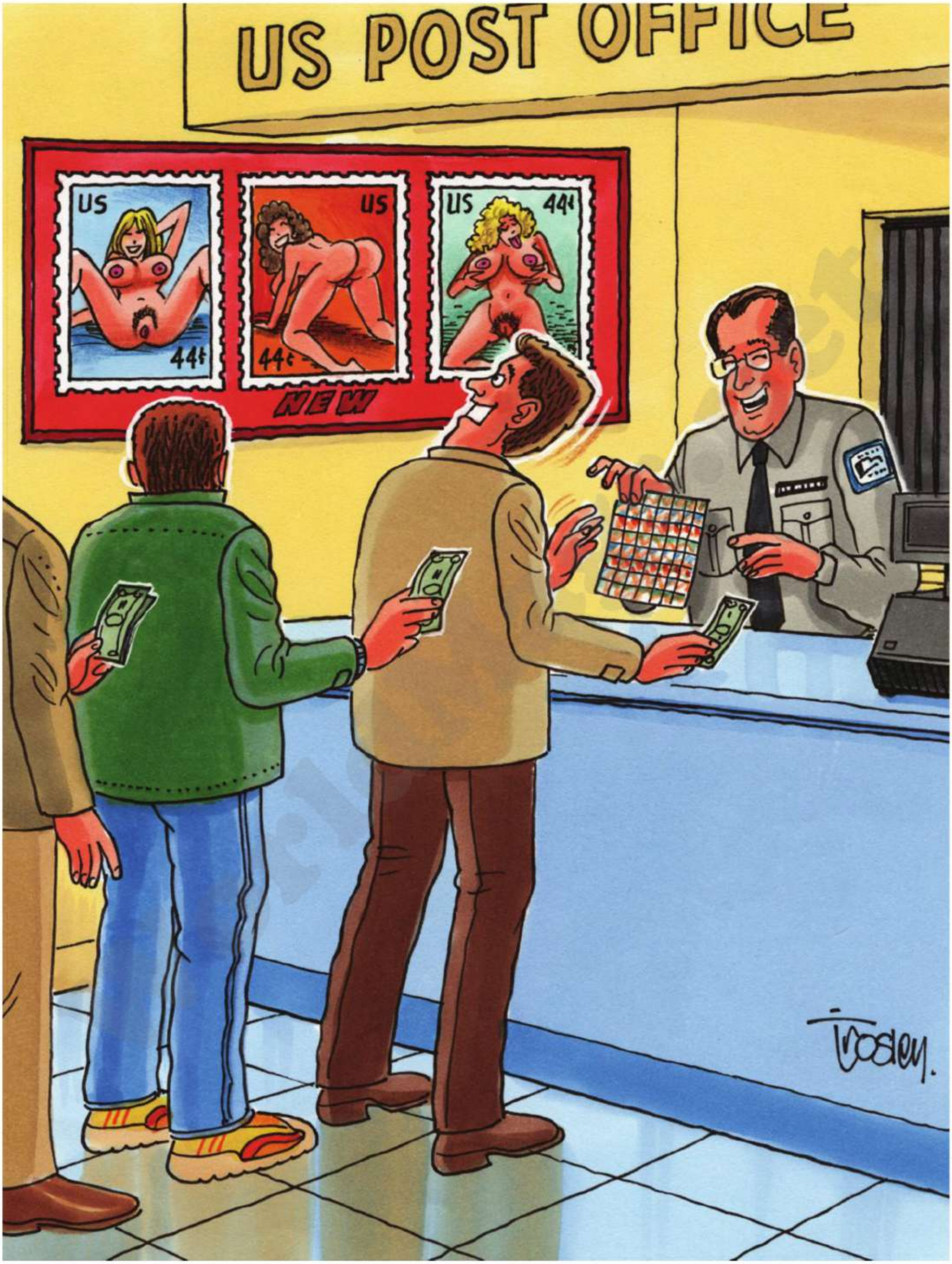
The times are a-changing, and given the shifting sands of population demographics, even older white males will be forced to become more rational. They cannot secede from the Union, not only because no other nation wants them—they have enough geezers of their own—but because being old means you are expecting those younger folks to carry the load while you struggle to stay alive on government subsidies of an increasingly burdensome aging population.

Don't get those younger-male, diverse and female voters who carried Election Day for Obama too riled up, or they may cut off your senior benefits—including the God-given right to Medicare-funded Viagra.

Before serving almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. He is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is *The Great American Stick-Up: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them.*



"So I came, and you didn't. Tough shit! I'm a Republican. You're on your own."



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"This new HUSTLER series is putting the Postal Service back in the black!"

DON'T LET YOUR FACE TURN YOU IN

SNOOPING ON CITIZENS WILL BE EVEN MORE ENCOMPASSING THANKS TO THE FBI'S NEW INSTANT-IDENTIFICATION PROGRAM.

The science fiction I used to read years ago was only mildly adventurous and rather amusing compared to our government's real-life bag of tricks. Did you know that high-tech wizardry is making us instantly and suspiciously recognizable to Big Brother?

Brace yourself for "FBI's Facial Recognition Is Coming to a State Near You," a chilling report by the Electronic Frontier Foundation. That digital watchdog group is the most alert and knowledgeable protector of what's left of our individual liberties, which have been imperiled by the government's systematic target-killing of the Constitution. By expanding its Next Generation Identification program (NGI), the FBI now has a "massive biometrics database that combines fingerprints, iris scans, palm prints, facial recognition and extensive biographical data collected from over 100 million Americans."

Just imagine the reactions of Thomas Jefferson, James Madison and Patrick Henry if they could have foretold that the nation they were founding would eventually have a government keeping close track of almost one-third of its citizens. Without a doubt, many more millions are destined to be added to what promises to be ever-growing databases. I expect Jefferson would have torn up the Declaration of Independence he'd drafted in 1776 as a prelude to starting another revolution.

The Electronic Frontier Foundation discloses that in its surge to make NGI more wide-ranging, "the FBI is developing 'Universal Face Workstation software' to allow states that don't have their own 'Face/Photo search capabilities' to search through the FBI's images."

Now dig this: You don't have to be arrested or even "a person of interest" to be in this FBI gallery, which I'm convinced will be open to searches by all other law-enforcement and intelligence agencies.

As the EFF notes: "This suggests the FBI wants to be able to search and identify people in photos of crowds and in pictures posted on social media sites—even if the people in those photos haven't been arrested for or even suspected of a crime. The FBI may also want to incorporate those crowd or social media photos into its face-recognition database."

Why not? To the FBI, anyone in those photos may be *thinking* of committing a crime someday against national security. When the time comes for them to be busted, there they'll be!

Perhaps you believe all this data-collecting for facial recognition is being done only here at home. The Electronic Frontier Foundation knows better: "The FBI already has information-sharing relationships with 77 countries," and its Criminal Justice Information Services "is now trying to partner with 'Visa Waiver Program countries' like Ireland, Spain and Australia to allow automatic access to each other's biometric databases on a 'hit/no hit basis.'"

I wholeheartedly agree with the EFF's conclusion that "the time is right for laws that limit face-recognition data collection."

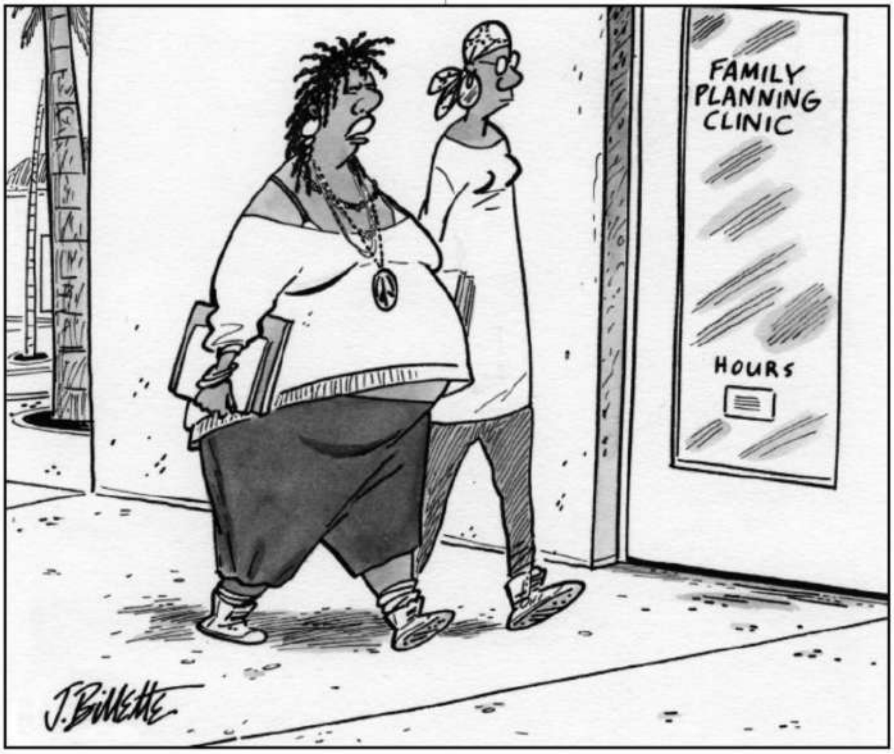
What's long overdue are laws prohibiting the various forms of FBI, National Security Agency and CIA dragnet surveillance I've reported here. But neither Democratic Presidents nor Democratic-majority Congresses have done anything remotely substantial. Nor have Republicans. Nor is there any credible evidence that President Obama and the current Congress will do a damn realistic thing about this during the commander in chief's second term.

I've already warmed my imagination by picturing how our Founding Fathers would have acted. But I see no prospects of citizens seized by a passionate knowledge of American history putting sustained pressure on Congress to wipe the FBI's facial-recognition program off the statute books.

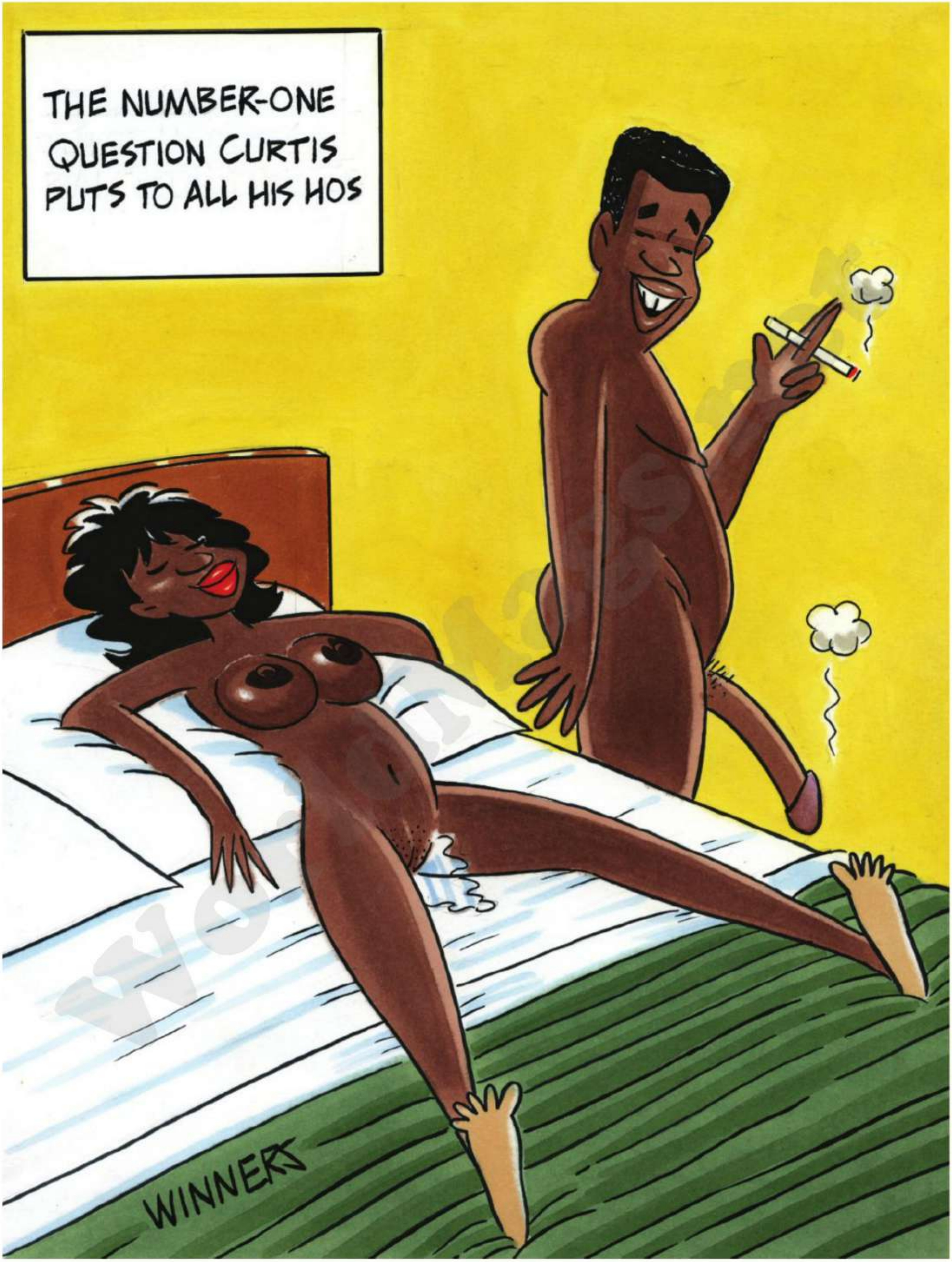
What has happened to this nation conceived and nurtured by the Declaration of Independence? Astonishingly, citizen passivity continues to mount. In my book *Free Speech for Me—But Not for Thee*, I quoted Ronald Reagan: "We've got to do a better job of getting across that America is freedom—freedom of speech, freedom of religion, freedom of enterprise. And freedom is special and rare. … If we forget what we did, we won't know who we are. I'm warning of an eradication of the American memory that could result, ultimately, in an erosion of the American spirit."

Where *is* the American spirit while the White House and Congress treat our "guaranteed" Constitutional liberties like garbage?

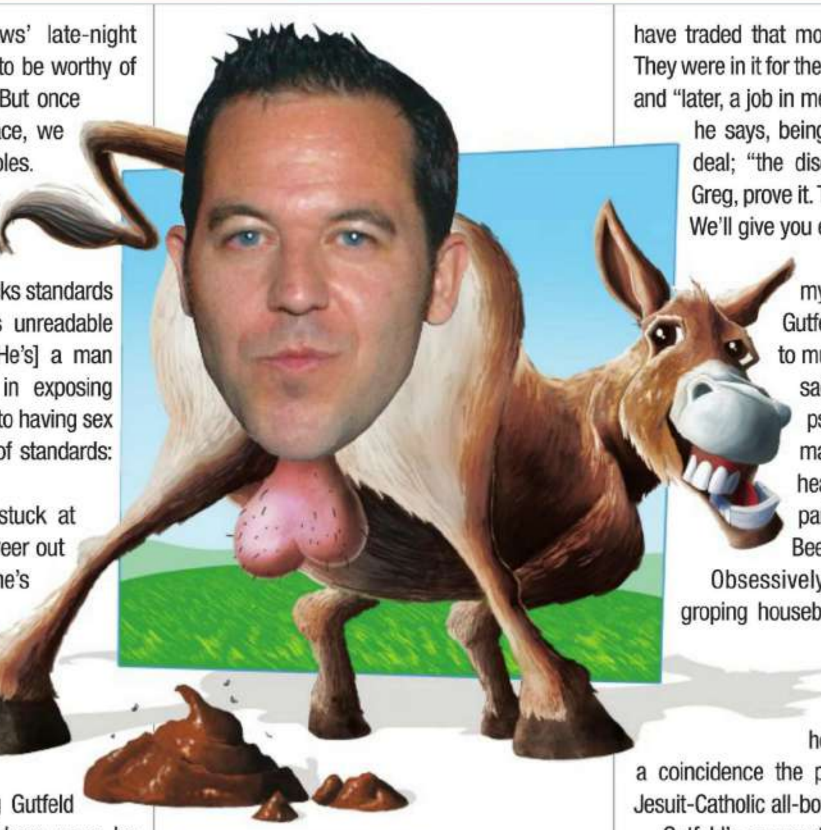
Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice* and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America* and *Living the Bill of Rights*.



"Girl, I *am* pro-choice. It's my choice what dumpster I drop the kid in."


THE NUMBER-ONE QUESTION CURTIS PUTS TO ALL HIS HOS
WINNER

"Are you better off now than you were four hours ago?"



GREG GUTFELD

We weren't sure Fox News' late-night laxative had what it takes to be worthy of the world's most feared award. But once we scratched his smarmy surface, we found enough shit to fill ten assholes.

Greg Gutfeld got our attention with his potshots at HUSTLER's publisher. "Larry Flynt is incapable of hypocrisy because he lacks standards to betray," Gutfeld wrote in his unreadable *Bible of Unspeakable Truths*. "[He's] a man without values who delighted in exposing hypocrisy, but who also admitted to having sex with a chicken. Talk about lack of standards: That chicken's a skank."

Gutfeld may be a wiseass stuck at frat-boy stage who's made a career out of painfully labored jokes, but he's also a man of mystery. Not a good or cool mystery like who is Batman. More like a what-the-hell-is-that-at-the-bottom-of-the-cesspool mystery.

For starters, what does Greg Gutfeld really believe? This political whore says he abandoned the left because they couldn't take a joke and can't be loyal to the right because they hate stuff he likes. Now he's a mouthpiece-for-hire libertarian. Basically, he's a guy who spends his life in a losing struggle with irrelevance. He went from driving limp-dick mags like *Stuff* and *Maxim* into the ground to hosting a roundtable of fellow failed comedians for middle-of-the-night drunks who pass out on the couch.

As Gutfeld proclaims in his latest mind-number, *The Joy of Hate*, his new rule is: "Be a jerk." That's right. The conservative cause has swirled so far down the drain, the new dictum is "Fuck it, just be a jerk." How refreshing.

By his own account, he's the douche in high school and college who scoffed at anyone trying to make anything better. "The longer I live, the more I'm convinced the world is just one big high school, with the cool kids always targeting the uncool," he writes. Guess who the "cool kids" are now. Look out, the "Liberals" are ready to rumble!

The Joy of Hate is a litany of reasons why Gutfeld and his idols (Palin, Limbaugh, Reagan's corpse) feel picked on. Lefties beat them with the "truncheon of tolerance," he whines. These imaginary armies of "phony outrage" he dubs the "tolerati." Guess what, they suffer from a "false sense of victimhood." Sound familiar? Epic fail Mitt Romney peddled the same "people who believe they are victims" line to historically nonphony effect.

Cursed with his particular political sluttiness, Gutfeld resorts to pretzel logic, like: "Being conservative is a rebellion against predictable rebellion. It's more daring to be traditional than to subvert tradition." For him, all outrage—whether about smoking, racism, Tea Partiers or climate change "skepticism"—is just "a place to park your intolerance." That's intolerance by the "tolerati" who fetishize tolerance, of course. If you can keep up with that, you're higher than we are.

When leftists fight for "wussy" causes like social justice and a level playing field, Gutfeld claims, "They don't really believe that shit—they're going against their own innate nature because liberalism is anti-man." He seriously thinks men who fight for things like civil rights and scientific progress are just out to get laid. He calls this fantasy of liberalism for sex a "deal with the devil." Let's see if we got this straight: Liberalism is a pussy magnet, but it's also strictly for "wussies" and losers: "Even with the deck so stacked in their favor," he writes, "the left still can't seal the deal. Because their message just doesn't jibe with the American people." He wrote this just before Romney had his ass handed to him by Obama in the national election. How was that, again, Greg? What message doesn't jibe?

In his rant against Occupy Wall Street, Gutfeld writes, nonjokingly: "I will wager that most of the students who were [pepper-] sprayed wouldn't have traded that moment for a million bucks." They were in it for the extra credit, bragging rights and "later, a job in media or academia." Besides, he says, being pepper-sprayed is no big deal; "the discomfort fades fast." Okay, Greg, prove it. Take a shot right in the face. We'll give you extra credit.

Then there's that other mystery: Is he gay or isn't he? Gutfeld's love-hate relationship to mutual man love is one of the saddest parts of his bowel-like psyche. He says he likes gay marriage, but tosses his dickhead fan base a bone by comparing it to marrying your dog. Been done, Greg.

Obsessively spouting quips about groping houseboys and banging his male guests, our A-hole comes off like a cartoon version of an unouted, homophobic Republican. (Is it a coincidence the poor kid was reared in "a Jesuit-Catholic all-boys high school?")

Gutfeld's apparent gay subtext, it turns out, is actually one of his running gags: As he divulges in *The Joy of Hate*, his secret-life schtick is a game he dreamt up with fellow ex-lefty Andrew Breitbart to see if foes would "resort to calling me a homosexual." As for us, we couldn't care less where he sticks his dick, unless it's in S.E. Cupp and somebody took photos. Come to think of it, Greg, you could prove your hetero cred by sending us shots of you putting it to your hot beard, Elena Moussa. (Can't promise we won't Photoshop you out.)

Making crapola claims like "I've never met more tolerant people than Texans," he seriously says if you're a "gay cross-dressing cowboy," you should enforce that tolerance with a shotgun. So, in other words, if you demand respect verbally, you're "tolerati," but letting two barrels do the talking is okay. We can only hope Greg starts messing with gay black Texans.

His take on race is just as twisted. He quotes a friend of his, saying "the only people hurt by racism these days are the racists." Seriously? Tell that to the black kid on Staten Island beaten with a pipe and the teenage girl shot to death in L.A.—just two out of hundreds of recent hate crimes.

We could go on about his endless crap—all of which is a big rimjob for boss Roger Ailes—but we're already bored of Gutfeld and his stale humor. He's the kind of wad that probably thinks being called Asshole of the Month is an honor. We created it, Greg, so take it from us: It's not.

Top gun Gia Nova

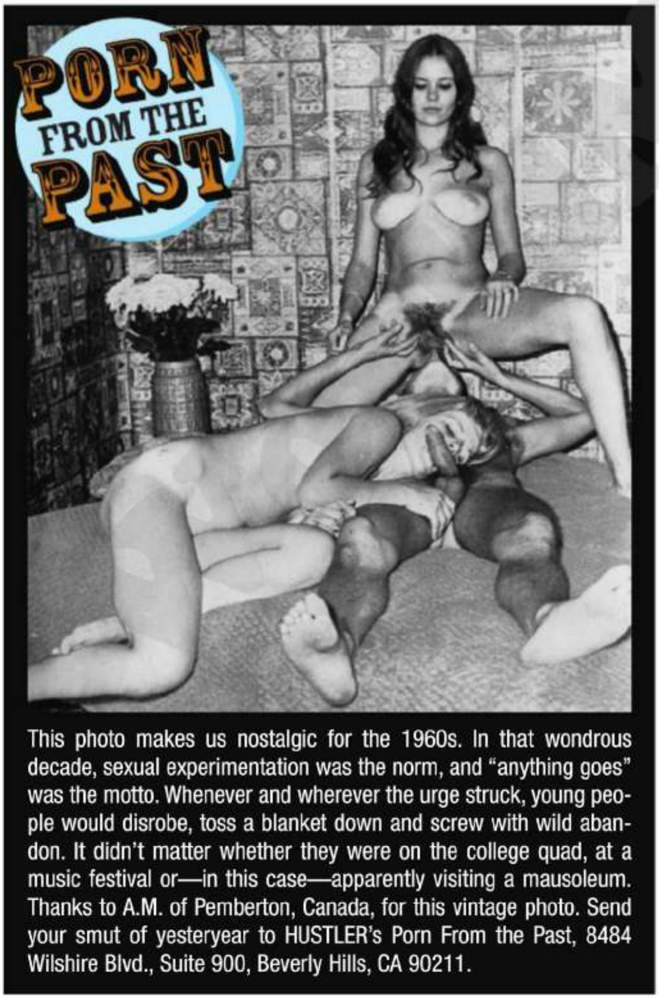
EXTREME STRIPPING

For the 15th year in a row, ED Publications hosted a shindig to crown the nation's finest strippers and strip clubs. Held at the Orleans Hotel & Casino in Las Vegas, the 2012 Exotic Dancers Awards show recognized Gia Nova as the Overall Entertainer of the Year. Tootsie's Cabaret in North Miami was named America's top gentlemen's club, while the prize for the best chain went to Déjà Vu Showgirls/HUSTLER. The winner for the worst establishment in the land was Detroit's Snatch Hole & Syphilis Barn. Ophelia "Open Sores" McGillicutty (not pictured) was declared the worst performer.

RubberDoll fires away

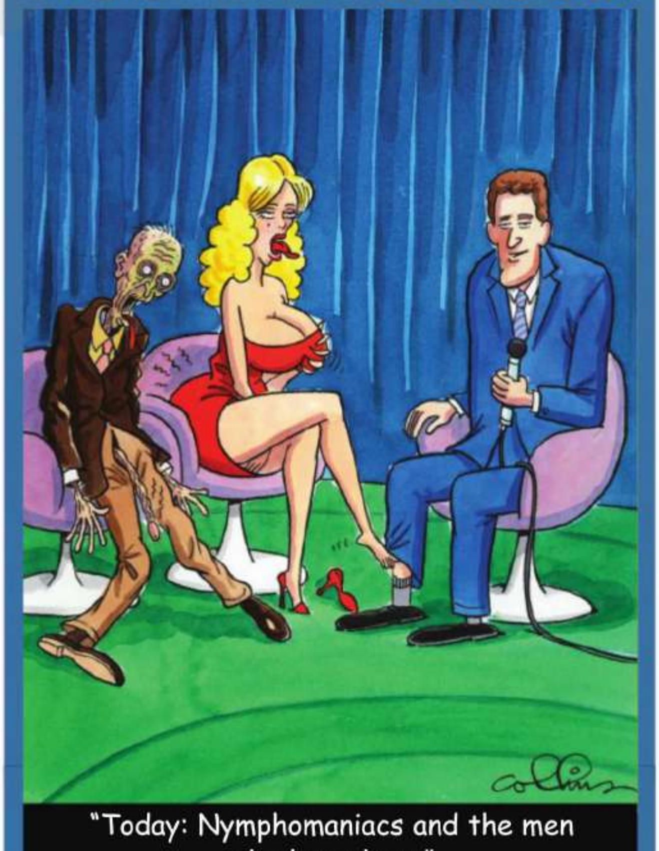
Lisa Licious

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS



This photo makes us nostalgic for the 1960s. In that wondrous decade, sexual experimentation was the norm, and "anything goes" was the motto. Whenever and wherever the urge struck, young people would disrobe, toss a blanket down and screw with wild abandon. It didn't matter whether they were on the college quad, at a music festival or—in this case—apparently visiting a mausoleum. Thanks to A.M. of Pemberton, Canada, for this vintage photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

HUSTLER CLASSIC CARTOONS



"Today: Nymphomaniacs and the men who love them."

"Smoking even one marijuana cigarette is equal in brain damage to being on Bikini Island during an H-bomb blast." —RONALD REAGAN, DEAD U.S. PRESIDENT

CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD *Melissa McCarthy* LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

After her scene-stealing work in *Bridesmaids*, Melissa McCarthy is now in a position to challenge Hollywood's definition of a leading lady. With a starring role in the new flick *Identity Thief*, the plus-sized comedienne is out to prove that a gal doesn't need to be bulimic to generate boffo box office. Well, nothing indicates that you've made it in showbiz quite like receiving an honorary HUSTLER cock to nibble on. Seriously, we bet Melissa is more stoked about this than when she won a stupid Emmy.

DISCLAIMER. Parody: No such picture of Melissa McCarthy actually exists. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.

GOLDEN GENITALS

PHOTO BY AFP/GETTY IMAGES

Nothing gets women naked faster than telling them it's in the name of art. Just ask American artist Spencer Tunick, who somehow persuaded 1,700 volunteers not just to strip down in front of an opera house in Munich, Germany, but also to be covered in body paint for his extravaganza. (If you're curious, he was recreating scenes from Richard Wagner's opera *Der Ring des Nibelungen*.) We're impressed, particularly because we can't even convince the hot girl at the corner store to show us her ankle.

PHOTO BY TIMOTHY FIELDING

FELLATIO FALLOUT

In the February '13 issue of HUSTLER we used the "Dick in the Mouth" feature to get back at comedian Jeffrey Ross for dissing our fearless leader, Mr. Larry Flynt. Ross was a good sport about the gag, perhaps recognizing that he was sharing an honor previously bestowed upon luminaries like Khloé Kardashian, Tila Tequila and Snooki. Don't worry, Jeff, we promise we rinsed the HUSTLER wiener thoroughly after it was in Arizona Governor Jan Brewer's yap the preceding month.

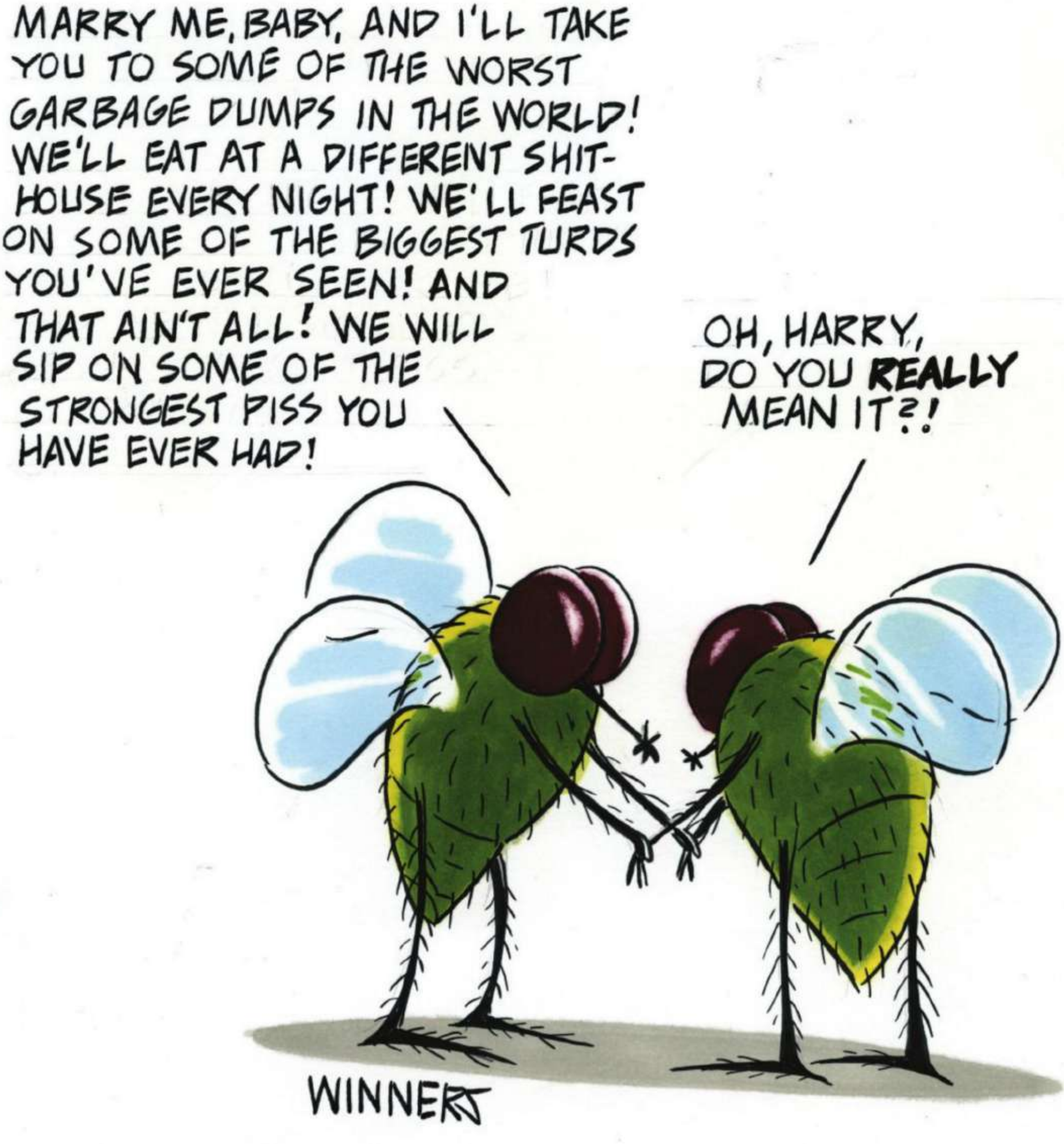
"When I was a kid, I inhaled frequently. That was the point." **—BARACK OBAMA, CURRENT U.S. PRESIDENT**

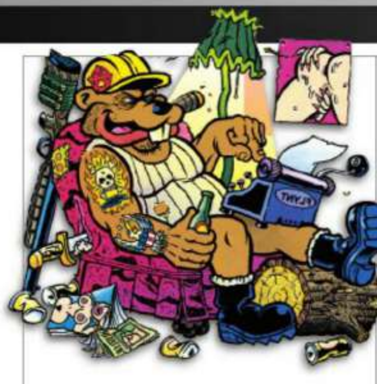
COPULATING COUPLE

Lilyanne Bloom and Max Sauvage, founders of PornographicLove.com, earn their keep by doing what they love: each other. The kinky Canadians launched the website to chronicle their sexual adventures, which include plenty of flagrant fucking, a bounty of blowjobs and enough squirting to drown several small mammals.

What sets theirs apart from other amateur sites are the high-end production values and the genuine connection shared by the performers. It's clear that Lilyanne and her live-in boyfriend Max are keenly interested in pleasing each other and not just putting on a good show. If you're into voyeurism, or you're writing a dissertation on Canadian perversity, we recommend a visit to **PornographicLove.com**.

"I stay higher than giraffe pussy." —**GUCCI MANE, RAPPER**


MARRY ME, BABY, AND I'LL TAKE YOU TO SOME OF THE WORST GARBAGE DUMPS IN THE WORLD! WE'LL EAT AT A DIFFERENT SHITHOUSE EVERY NIGHT! WE'LL FEAST ON SOME OF THE BIGGEST TURDS YOU'VE EVER SEEN! AND THAT AIN'T ALL! WE WILL SIP ON SOME OF THE STRONGEST PISS YOU HAVE EVER HAD!
OH, HARRY, DO YOU **REALLY** MEAN IT?!
WINNERS



Will Work for Sex

Bits and Pieces, cartoons and *HUSTLER Humor* are why I buy your magazine, but I bought the January '13 issue and loved the nudes. Cindy Starfall [*Cosmic Tease*], Alyssa Branch [*Sexy Songbird*], Missy Martinez [*I Want Your Body*] and Molly Bennett [*Nerdy Nympho*] have beautiful breasts and vulvas.

Crystal Taylor and Lani in *Beaver Hunt* are attractive, but Lane Elizabeth is a 10. Besides her amazing breasts, nipples and vulva, I love her hair, face and eyes. I hope she is picked to do a full layout.

Lane Elizabeth: layout material?

How does a guy get to photograph beautiful women nude? I'd shoot the photos for free. All I'd want are the prints and some lovin'.

—Mike Breedlove
McLeansville, North Carolina

Pimpin' Ain't Easy

Prostitution, "the world's oldest profession," is defined as the act of selling oneself for sexual purposes. It is also defined as an unworthy use of a talent or quality for personal gain. What's interesting is that the former is illegal in all states except Nevada, while the latter has been morally and culturally accepted since the beginning of time.

This begs the question: Is there any difference between a streetwalker/escort and a woman who uses her physical beauty to attain a certain lifestyle? Too often in our society we see evidence of the "trophy spouse."

Some would argue that prostitution should be made legal so it can be regulated by a state and become a source of revenue. Furthermore, sex between strangers would be safer since the government would require regular medical examinations to prevent the spread of STDs. We are quick to arrest and condemn the streetwalker/escort but would never think to shun a sexual opportunist.

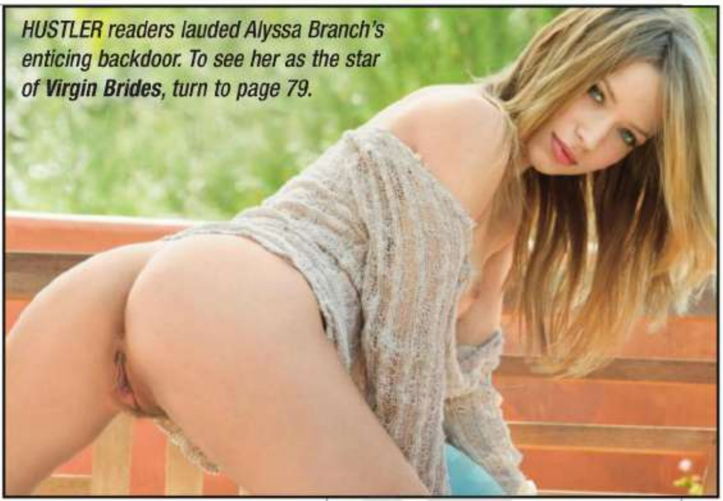
I recall two people comparing their lifestyles while waiting in line at an airport. One person told the other, "The difference between you and me is that you pay for your sex with cash, and I pay for it with dinners, clothing and jewelry." The problem today is not that we are a nation of laws but rather a nation that continually contradicts itself when it comes to morality.

—Joe Bialek
Cleveland, Ohio

OctoPussy

It was pretty horrible to see the mug of Octomom [*Octomom: Mother of the Year?*, January '13]. She's sucking on the welfare tit of the taxpayers after a doctor shoved a test tube up her sloppy snatch to create a new generation of fuck-ups. Now the ugly bitch is on a commercial for OctoLoans, a cut below the payday-loan bandits.

Octomom couldn't even borrow a load of cum to get knocked up. Not even my son's German shepherd would throw an Octofuck into her Octoface. **—Gregory Podsada**
Trevor, Wisconsin



*HUSTLER readers lauded Alyssa Branch's enticing backdoor. To see her as the star of **Virgin Brides**, turn to page 79.*

Thanks for the pics of Nadya Suleman. I've found her very attractive ever since she became fodder for shitrag publications, douchebag bloggers and unscrupulous networks. I was shocked that Nadya had such a fucking hot body. If I were a multibillionaire, I would gladly help to alleviate Nadya's financial woes provided I could feel her big lips and tits around my cock every now and again. I would also make a substantial offer to Casey Anthony to father her next child.

Look, I know that I'm a sick motherfucker. But at least my eyes can still admire beauty, and my cock still works! It's only my mind that the doctor is worried about.

—M.A.
Russellville, Kentucky

Above It All

HUSTLER is the best from cover to cover. Some readers mention how *Playboy* doesn't meet their standards. It's interesting how almost all Playmates in the history of *Playboy*—even up until now—are standing like models did in 1950s shots, whereas HUSTLER and other really good, sexy porn magazines usually have the girls lying down or in other sexy poses. I believe Larry Flynt once said that Hugh Hefner and *Playboy* are stuck in the '50s.

I've recently renewed my subscription to HUSTLER, and I plan to do so in the future as well. I love all the intimate, up-close shots of HUSTLER's sexy models! In the January '13 issue I love Alyssa Branch, especially the pose where her cute pussy is staring right up at the camera. Fantastic! Also, the babe has a really fresh-looking, sexy asshole!

Finally, I really enjoy the fact that HUSTLER has a classic layout from the 1970s and 1980s at the back of every issue. I love HUSTLER! Keep it up! **—Dennis Comstock**
Muskegon, Michigan

Thanks for all the compliments, Dennis! But let's get one thing straight: There *are* no "other really good, sexy porn magazines."

No Sound of Music

I've been a fan for a long time. I was happy when you added the music reviews. Then it went from six to 12 and now none. What gives? Please bring back new music reviews. I didn't agree with most of them, but I still think they're of value. If you don't, maybe you can tell me why. Other than that, you're the bomb. **—Steven Bott**
Jerome, Idaho

We traded music reviews for more pages of pink, Steven. We're sure you understand. Meanwhile, look out for more exclusive interviews with legendary musicians and rising stars in future issues.

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY DIGITALDESIRE.COM

RIGHT ON TOP

ALEXIS ADAMS

Alexis Adams had a practical motivation for selecting her stage name. "I hate being overlooked," she asserts. "With a first and last name that both start with *A*, I'm always going to be at the top of any alphabetical list—right where I belong!"

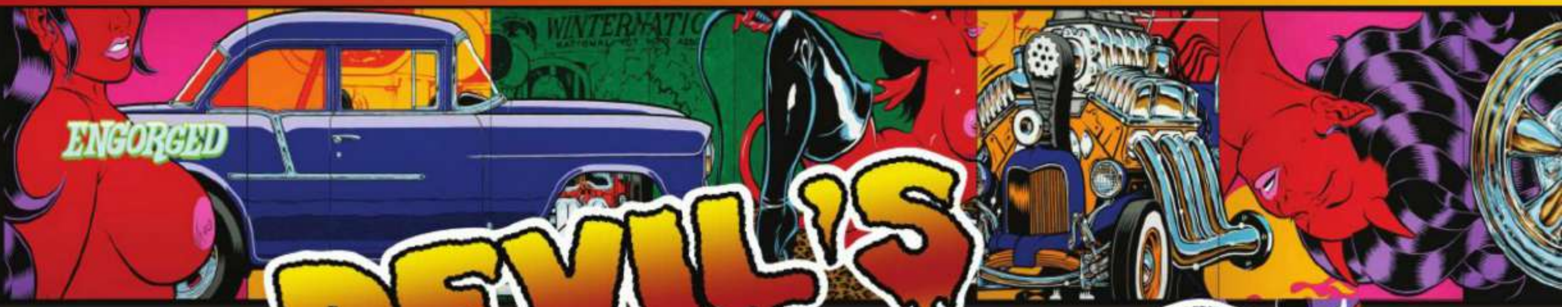
Alexis loves to travel. Lately, though, the Florida resident has been getting weary of the road. "I do a lot of back-to-back trips for work," she reveals. "I get tired of having to scramble to make flights and all of that stuff. Airports aren't exactly the most fun place to spend a day."

While waiting for takeoff, reading is one way that **Alexis** kills time, but you won't catch her lugging any heavy novels around the terminal. "I'm addicted to trashy gossip magazines," she confesses. "I know they're bad for me, but they're so much fun. I like knowing what's up with all the celebs!"

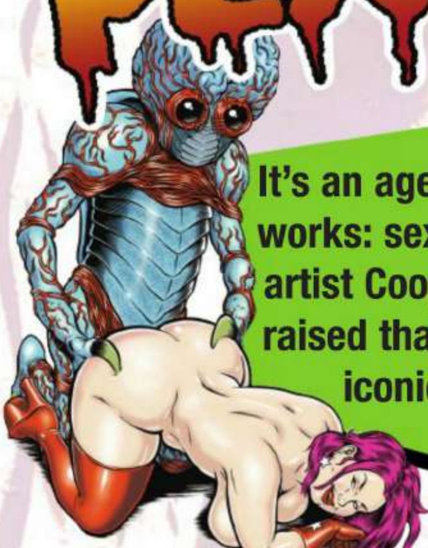
One trip **Alexis** wouldn't mind taking is a journey back in time. "I wonder a lot about what life used to be like," the divine daydreamer remarks. "Mostly I think about the 1950s—because I love the clothes—and the '70s because it seems like everybody was way more relaxed back then."

Seeing **Alexis Adams** with no clothes on is very relaxing.

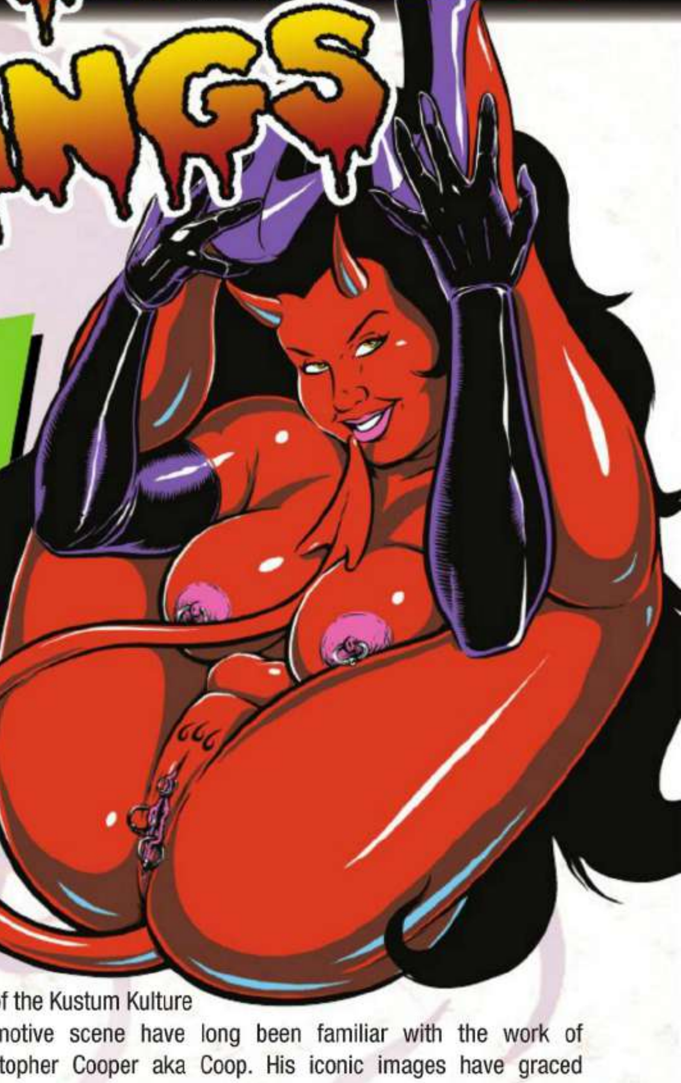
ALEXIS'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Tampa, Florida | AGE: 20 | BIRTH SIGN: Scorpio | HEIGHT: 5-5 | WEIGHT: 120

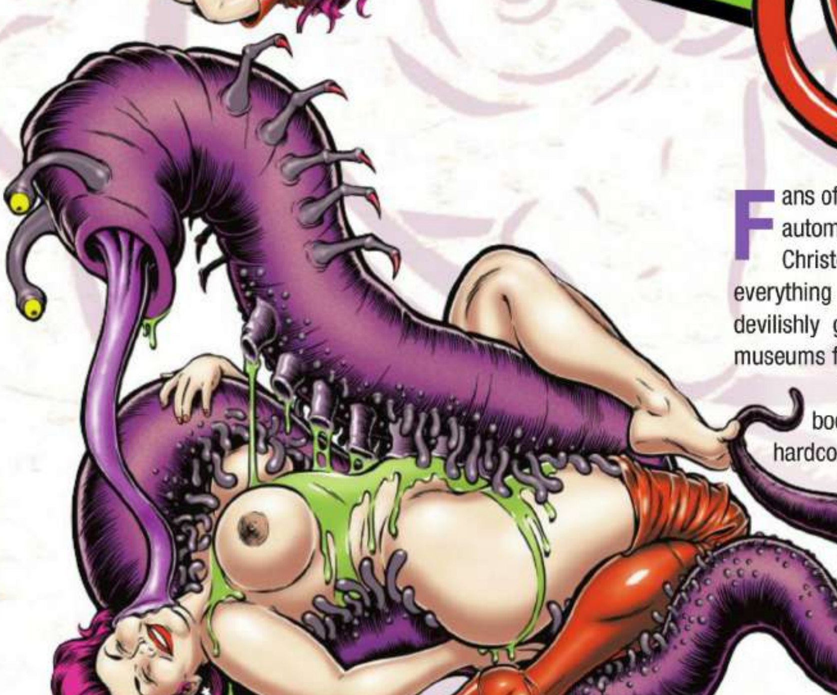


THE DEVIL'S PLAYTHINGS



It's an age-old combo that always works: sex and Satan. Cult pop artist Coop tells us how he's raised that horny hybrid to an iconic level in his hot, taboo-busting pinups.





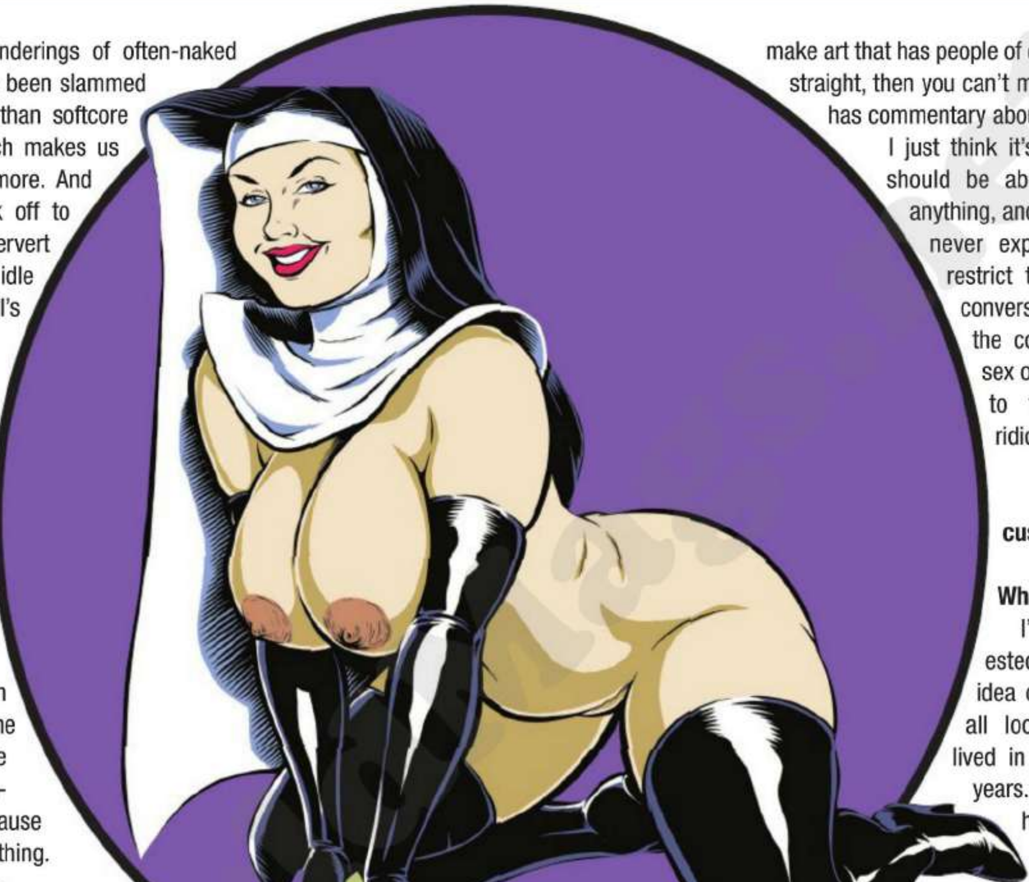
Fans of the Kustum Kulture automotive scene have long been familiar with the work of Christopher Cooper aka Coop. His iconic images have graced everything from band posters to tattoos and hot rods. Being so devilishly good, Coop's art has been shown at major galleries and museums from coast to coast and around the world.

The Los Angeles-based artist's latest project is the brilliant book *The Art of Coop: Idle Hands* (SCB Distributors). This hardcover coffee-table tome features 200-plus full-color images from the past decade, many of which had been kept under wraps until now. Unlike Coop's previous books—*Devil's Advocate: The Art of Coop* and *The Big Fat One*, which culled illustrations that made him the king of lowbrow art—*Idle Hands* primarily showcases his work as fine art. Coop now uses acrylic paints to bring his creations to life on a bolder and much larger scale than ever before.

It's hard to believe that Coop hails from a Bible Belt city—Tulsa,

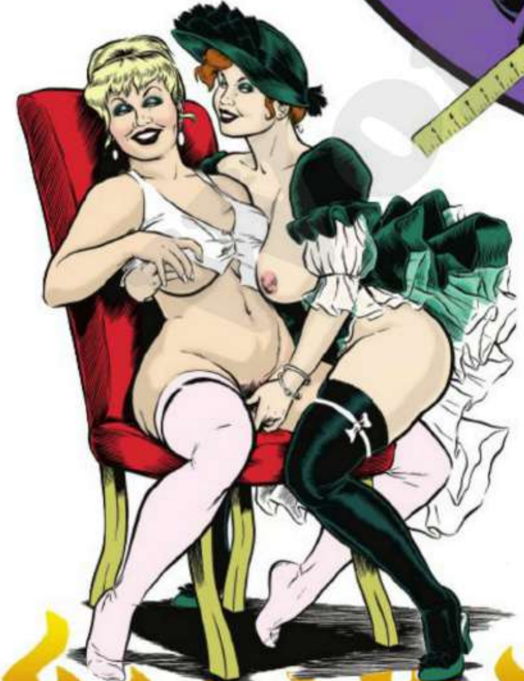
INTERVIEW BY ORIANA SMALL

Oklahoma. His renderings of often-naked devil women have been slammed as nothing more than softcore pornography, which makes us love them even more. And yes, you can jerk off to them. As every pervert preacher knows, idle hands are the devil's playthings.



HUSTLER: What does a devil woman mean to you?

COOP: It's about sexuality, and it's also about freedom and liberation. Part of that's probably a reaction to growing up in the Midwest, in a more repressive environment. It's also because sex is just a good thing.



It amazes me that in this day and age, people are so fucked up about sex, that they can't just integrate it into their lives in a normal way and enjoy it. That's what I admire about people who work in porn or are heavily involved in S&M. It's part of who they are and a way to make their lives happier.

Has your work ever been called sexist?

I've never had a Bible-thumper object to my work. It's always been people who describe themselves as "very tolerant." With a certain group of people, especially in the art world, what it's all about is identity politics. Typically, if you're a man, you can't make artwork that has women in it. If you're white, you can't make art that has people of color in it. If you're straight, then you can't make anything that has commentary about homosexuality.

I just think it's stupid. Anybody should be able to talk about anything, and I would certainly never expect someone to restrict the topic of their conversation because of the color of their skin, sex or who they decide to fuck. That's all ridiculous.

Your taste in women is as customized as your taste in cars. What's behind that?

I'm really not interested in the generic idea of beauty. Women all look different. I've lived in L.A. now for 25 years. There are women here from every sort of race and nationality, and they're all gorgeous.

I grew up in the Midwest, and it was a pretty white-bread world. It wasn't until I spent time in Japan that I noticed how much I loved seeing all different kinds of people.

Your work is hot, but is it art?

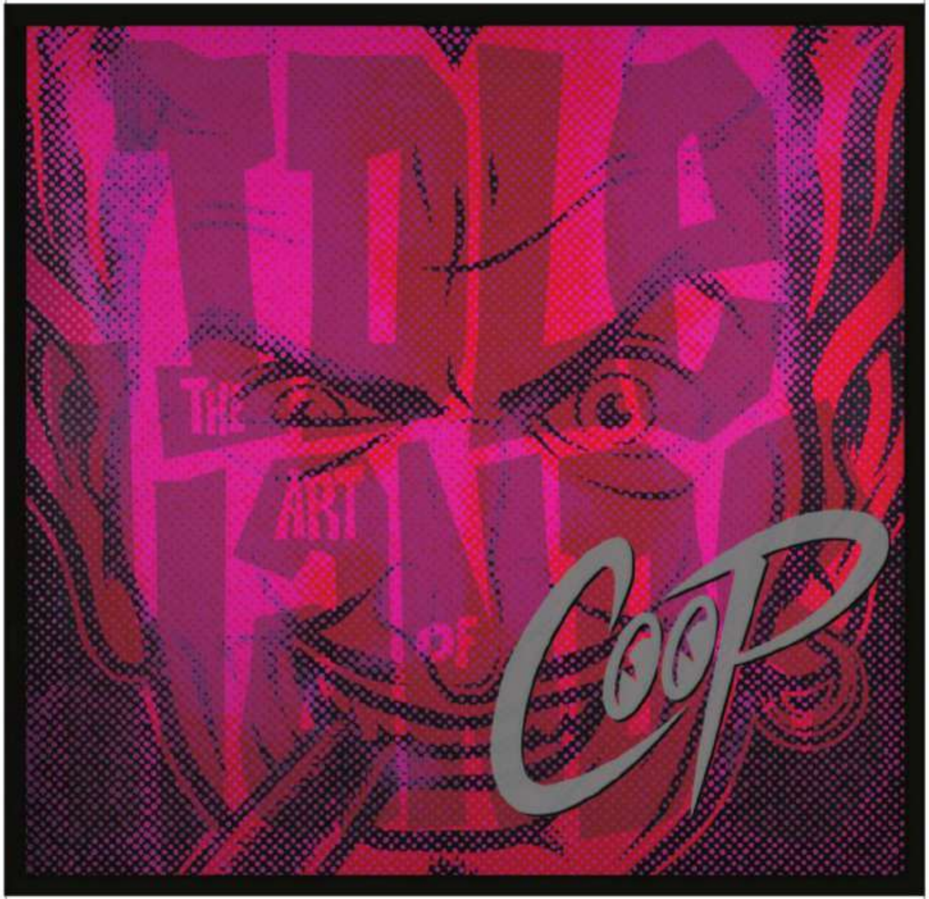
I talk to [pop artist] Robert Williams a lot about art. One of the things he complains about is what he refers to as pussy art, that the original transgressive idea behind lowbrow art has gone away from the current scene. There are more people painting some pretty paintings that you can hang over your couch, ones that your grandmother won't be upset by. And I agree with him.

I'm very happy with all the work I've done over the years. Even Robert Williams wouldn't paint a six-foot painting of a sloppy pussy [like I did].

I'm sort of at the point where I don't like to edit or censor myself anymore. I don't know necessarily if I'm going to do things that are all sexually explicit, but I'm definitely trying to do things that confront the viewer instead of things that just look cool.

MAGNETOS
LOS ANGELES

The style of work that I do is kind of slick. Because I worked as a commercial artist, I know how to make images that are visually appealing on a surface level. So what I'm trying to do now is to also have another element that's unsettling and makes you pause. That's what art should be. It should generate some sort of reaction. There's room for decorative art, but what I'm interested in is doing something with some sort of bite to it.


THE
ART
OF
COOP

Autographed copies of *The Art of Coop: Idle Hands* can be purchased at **BabyTattoo.com**. For much more about what Coop is up to—and selling—visit **CoopStuff.com**.

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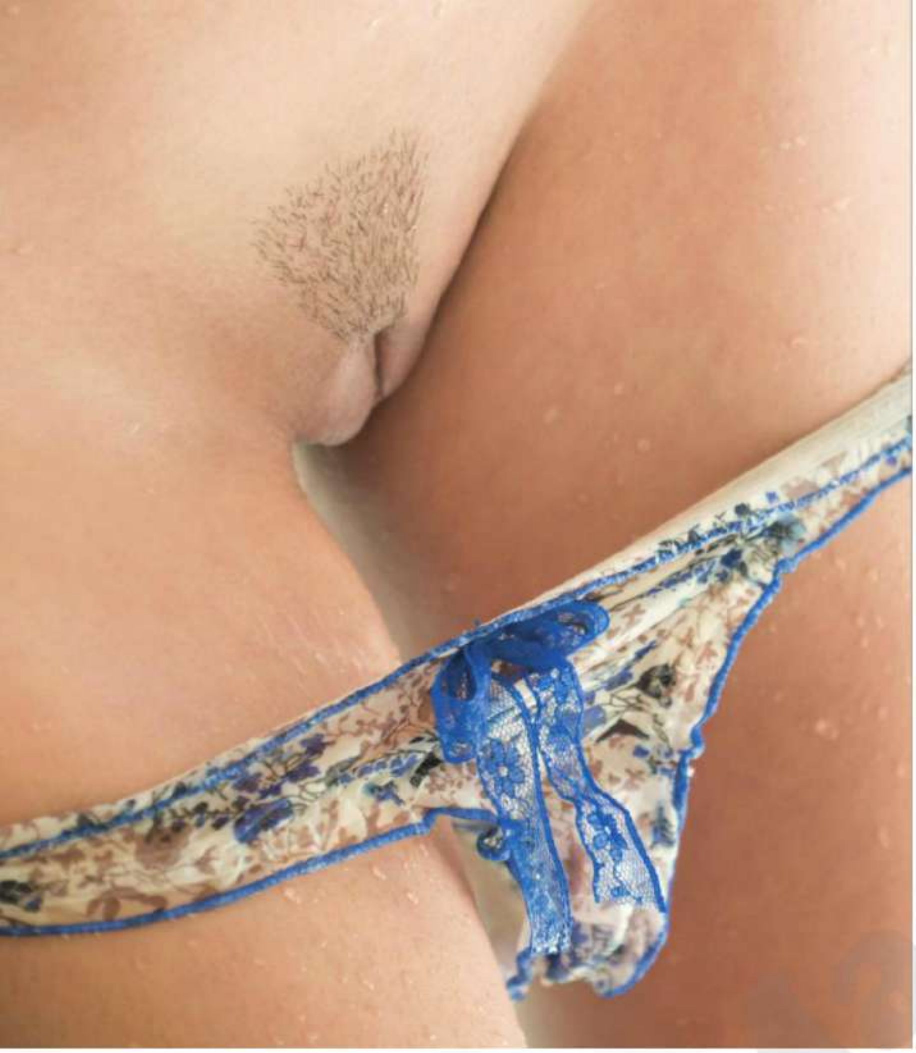
JADE COUTURE



Some people say that nice guys finish last, but **Jade Couture** doesn't share the sentiment. "I'm drawn to genuinely nice guys," she says. "I have no patience for dudes who just play the part to get some—and I can tell the difference!"

Jade appreciates a true gentleman, but any fellow in her orbit had better have a bit of a wild side. "The best sex I ever had was outdoors," the adorable exhibitionist recalls. "I was fucking my boyfriend in a park while, on the field right across from us, a baseball game was going on!"

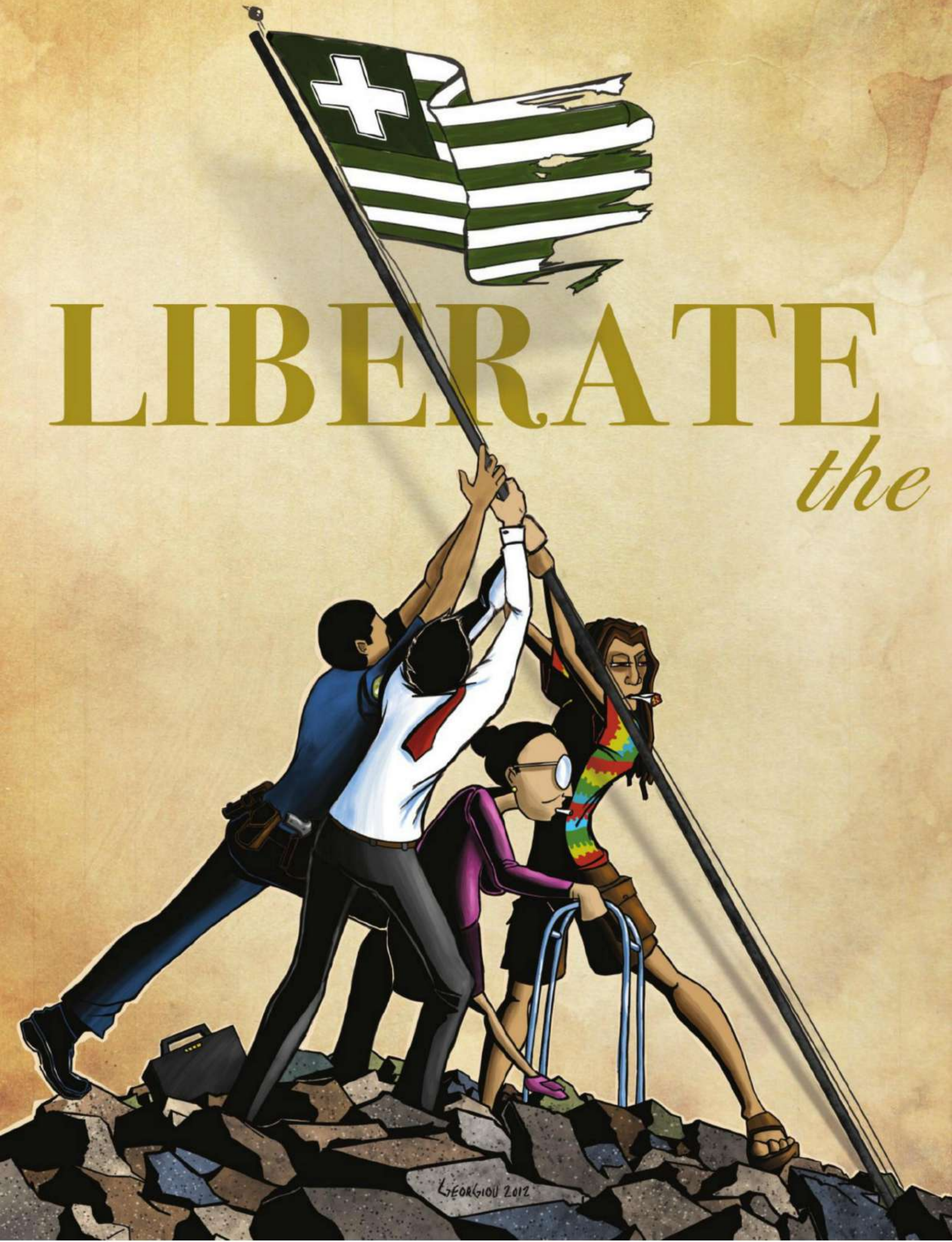
An aspiring makeup artist, **Jade** is pleased that she's able to pick up a few bucks disrobing for the camera: "It's so much better than other jobs I've had. Thank God I don't have to work in fast-food restaurants anymore!"

In her free time, **Jade** enjoys escaping to other worlds. "I love the *Twilight* books, and I'm kind of obsessed with anime shows like *InuYasha* and *Fullmetal Alchemist*," she discloses. Even **Jade**'s sexual fantasy has an otherworldly aspect to it: "I want to have sex with five girls on a cloud, surrounded by candy, chocolates and fuzzy blankets."

WorldMags.net

JADE'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Rancho Cucamonga, California | AGE: 22 | BIRTH SIGN: Aquarius | HEIGHT: 5-2 | WEIGHT: 105

LIBERATE *the*


GEORGIOU 2012

The War on Drugs is a joke—not to mention a lingering tragedy for the families it breaks up and the honest Americans doing hard time for victimless crimes. "L.A.'s Dopest Attorneys" lay out the truth about soft drugs and why the Obama Administration should bow to the inevitable and legalize now.

GREEN *RU$H*

BY ALLISON B. MARGOLIN AND J. RAZA LAWRENCE

Work hard, play by the rules and get ahead. That's the American way. But if you happen to play a small part in the multi-billion-dollar medical marijuana industry, transparency and a strong work ethic can lead you to a lonely prison cell.

Two recent clients of ours are Chuck Kisor and Joe Taylor, small-town family men with insignificant criminal records before their brush with federal marijuana laws. In the midst of California's slumping economy and state approval of medical marijuana collectives, the two men decided to use their own hands to cultivate medical herb in the booming pot biz.

Chuck—a welder and heating and air-conditioning technician—opened a dispensary with a couple of associates in Ridgecrest, a small city in the shadow of Naval Air Weapons Station China Lake. Joe, a struggling plumber, decided to pitch in as a trimmer for a grow that supplied marijuana to medical dispensaries.

Both Chuck and Joe naively assumed that their activities were entirely legal based on California statutes and Obama's promise that he would respect state laws. Both Chuck and Joe's operations supplied product exclusively to patients with a doctor's recommendation to use medical marijuana.

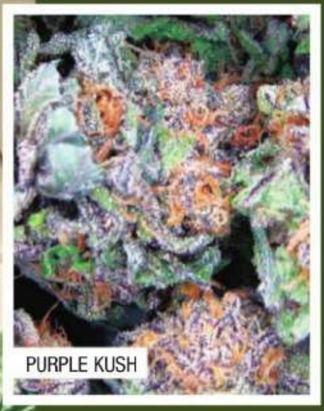
Some of the weed from Chuck's dispensary found its way onto the naval base, leading to a federal investigation and prosecution. With a felony case filed in federal court, Chuck had no option of defending himself on the grounds that his dispensary complied with California's medical marijuana laws as he could have done in state court. Risking a ten-year minimum sentence if he went to trial, he had no choice but to cop a plea, hoping the judge would show some mercy. The judge ended up giving Chuck 20 months in federal prison, ripping him away from his wife and young daughter. Despite how harsh this sounds, there are signs of progress: The judge took a liberal approach to spare Chuck from the usual mandatory minimum sentence.

Joe was unlucky enough to be working a trimming shift when his collective's grow was raided pursuant to a search warrant. He had worked only a few hours total, had never sold grass to anyone and had never been paid a dime. All he got was some free marijuana to relieve the chronic pain he suffers from a long-ago car accident. Joe has pleaded guilty and is awaiting sentencing. (The U.S. Attorney's office recommended that he be locked away for at least 51 months.)

Chuck and Joe now find themselves convicted felons, just two of many Americans whose lives have been shattered by our country's schizophrenic marijuana policies.

WHERE DOES YOUR WEED COME FROM?

We all know the strain we're smoking: Sativa, Blue Dream, that one with the nice, heady notes. But when it comes to exactly where our marijuana comes from, most of us are clueless. Who grew it? How fresh or pure is it? Is it brick? Organic?


PURPLE KUSH

Every state produces marijuana. Someone in your town is growing it right now. The largest producers are California, Washington, Oregon, Kentucky, Tennessee, Florida and Hawaii. Of cross-border product, Canada has the quality, Mexico the quantity.

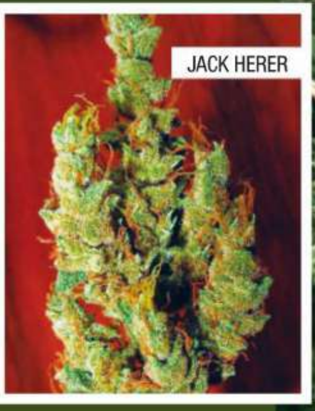
California grows the most—both indoor and outdoor. According to Chris Conrad, who teaches all things cannabis at Oakland's Oaksterdam University, California's been doing it for generations, so it's no surprise that most users consider California pot the best. Many growers in Northern California are from marijuana dynasties—men and women with cross-pollination and cloning in their blood. Not to be outdone, the San Fernando Valley and downtown Los Angeles are indoor havens. The prime product makes its way across the entire country.

The state of Washington is famous for its indoor grows, which funnel bud into Montana, California and Idaho. Oregon's outdoor grows follow a similar path. Montana's own, meanwhile, flows east into the Dakotas, Minnesota and Nebraska. Great Plains weed often spills over into Iowa and Illinois.

The Appalachian Mountains are a prime location for outdoor grows. Kentucky and Tennessee families that once avoided poverty through bootlegging have now switched to weed. As marijuana-reform activist Jon Gettman points out, "It's not that these families are addicted to crime. It's that they, like all families, need to survive, and they're choosing a business that will thrive." With an abundance of land—and the price of an acre of corn minuscule versus the $500 yield of just one marijuana plant—the choice is obvious. Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Tennessee and Alabama help take care of a good chunk of the Eastern Seaboard as far north as Maine.

Hawaii still does its part thanks to the state's ideal weather, but its output isn't what it was. In the 1980s, Operation Green Harvest targeted California, Oregon and Hawaii, eradicating entire grows.

According to the National Drug Intelligence Center, Canada is a major source of high-potency marijuana. Most of it's inhaled by our northern neighbors, but Northeasterners get a healthy dose. The bulk of Canadian marijuana is produced in British Columbia (primarily indoor grows) and Ontario and Quebec (mostly outdoor). High-potency Canadian marijuana is usually smuggled through Washington state, Michigan, New York and Vermont.


JACK HERER

You'll find brick weed from Mexico all across the South and midwestern United States. Having to compete with local product, Mexican growers have increased quality. There are now fewer seeds and stems and less damage to leaves and buds.

With most medical-grade cannabis now cultivated by professionals, the quality of your weed—wherever it comes from—is higher than ever. Enjoy.

—Lana Sias

INSET PHOTOS COURTESY ADVANCEDHYDROSUPPLIES.COM

FREEDOM FIGHTERS ALLISON B. MARGOLIN AND J. RAZA LAWRENCE

ESCALATED ATTACKS

You would think the same Baby Boom generation that rioted until U.S. troops left Vietnam would be up in arms over their own government enslaving them because of what they use to alter their consciousness. But that's not the case. The federal government has so stigmatized the use of heroin, cocaine and even marijuana that many drug users are too afraid of outing themselves to say anything. And those who feel that criminalization is plain wrong have not mobilized to take back the moral high ground in the War on Drugs.

Eighteen states plus the District of Columbia have legalized medical marijuana and two—Colorado and Washington—have cleared it for all purposes. Such legislation butts heads with draconian federal marijuana penalties. Ironically, Obama has been candid about his marijuana and cocaine use as a young man. Early in his career he voiced questions about the War on Drugs. One year into his first term as President, his Justice Department issued the Ogden Memo, stating that it would use "prosecutorial discretion" and adopt a hands-off approach toward those in compliance with state laws.

But according to the Marijuana Policy Project, Obama has "massively escalated the federal government's attacks on medical marijuana businesses, most of which are legal under their states' laws" and "has become more hostile to medical marijuana patients than any President in U.S. history."

CHUCK KISOR

JOE TAYLOR

GREEN RUSH

Today marijuana is by far the largest cash crop in the United States, with an annual production value of more than $35 billion, exceeding the combined value of corn and wheat.

In California the "Green Rush" has supported farmers and thousands of small-business owners operating dispensaries out of previously barren storefronts in an otherwise pathetic economy. Across the nation, state regulations run the gamut regarding the way distribution may be handled. In some states like Oregon, revenue from marijuana-card fees has been used to help shore up state-budget deficits.

But states are hamstrung in their ability to regulate medical marijuana, as federal officials have threatened to prosecute local officials who take steps to legitimize or issue permits to medical marijuana providers. As a result, marijuana distributors operate in a Wild West environment with no coherent rule of law.

To make matters worse, Obama and U.S. Attorney General Eric Holder have repeatedly and disingenuously told Congress and media outlets that they are not prosecuting medical marijuana cases while their agencies are out ruining the lives of honest, law-abiding citizens who took their previous statements at face value. The administration has targeted not only sellers and growers but also teachers, activists, landlords, tax advisers, local government politicians and even lawyers. U.S. Attorneys have used ambiguity in the law—and state prosecutors have used a deliberately narrow reading of it—to justify prosecuting medical marijuana distributors and growers, who are often also patients.

FAMILIES TORN APART

To be fair, federal and state drug warriors have continued to attack harder substances—including methamphetamine, heroin and prescription painkillers—that often go hand in hand with addiction and socially destructive behavior. Prescription medications are now the number-one cause of accidental deaths in America.

To many, outright legalization of hard drugs would be akin to telling our children that recreational use is harmless or even virtuous. But that does not have to be the case. Surprisingly, U.S. Representative Ron Paul (R-Texas) received raucous applause at a 2012 Republican Presidential-primary debate in South Carolina when he defended his position that heroin should be legal: "How many people here would use heroin if it was legal? I bet nobody would put their hand up."

Even Religious Right icon Reverend Pat Robertson recently called for marijuana decriminalization, stating that while "I've never used marijuana, and I don't intend to…this War on Drugs just hasn't succeeded." Our country, he added, "has gone overboard on this concept of being tough on crime." If these thoughts are popular even among Southern Christian conservatives, why don't they have more traction?

One notable scandal epitomizing the injustice in the use of informants to enforce drug laws is the subject of two documentaries and a planned movie starring Halle Berry and Billy Bob Thornton. In Tulia, Texas, one-third of the town's black males were arrested in a 1999 drug sting, and a single informant's testimony led to the conviction of 35 individuals until Governor Rick Perry pardoned them in 2003.

In other countries, notably Portugal and the Netherlands, drug decriminalization has led to a decrease in drug use and abuse among teens. The same could be true in America. But even if drug use increased with legalization, there would no longer be the tremendous costs and loss of liberty associated with the War on Drugs.

MORALITY PLAY

Some believe that medical marijuana is a Trojan Horse to try to legalize drugs. They say evidence of medical benefits is bunk and that many invoke the medical excuse to use drugs recreationally. But the distinction is arbitrary. People who use any substance do so because they believe it increases their well-being, whether psychological or physical.

Freedom of thought and conscience—along with life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness—are bedrock principles in America. Our nation has a tradition of recognizing the right of individuals to live their own lives as they see fit so long as they don't harm others. A courageous politician could take this issue head on and immediately amass a large army of devoted followers with open wallets.

Ultimately, the War on Drugs is a morality play. Through appeals to morals and basic human decency, either major party could take the high ground and advocate legalization. A truce in the drug war could create billions of dollars in new tax revenues while allowing governments to become more efficient and focus their efforts on the things we actually need, such as building roads and fighting violent crime.

Some suggest that it is too complicated to legalize marijuana on the federal level or that no one person could change our entrenched policies. That is not true. By one stroke of his pen, the President could immediately reschedule marijuana—without Congressional approval—and the federal war on marijuana would be over. That's no pipe dream.

DEADLY TOLL

It's the things you don't expect that get you, such as forced exposure to a deadly disease. Chuck Kisor—the California welder and heating and air-conditioning technician who broke no state law but was tossed into jail by the Feds—ended up at the Taft Correctional Institution. This private contract facility is currently facing lawsuits after dozens of its inmates contracted Valley Fever, a lung infection caused by a fungus that lives in soil.

Chuck spoke with us last on September 28, 2012, six months into his 20-month sentence. While incarcerated and worried about the spread of Valley Fever, he learned that his wife filed for divorce, citing the toll his case had taken on the family. The news came as

TVERT'S TRIUMPHS

At 22, Mason Tvert discovered his mission: bringing sanity to marijuana laws. Almost eight years later he scored a major victory. His group Safer Alternative for Enjoyable Recreation (SAFER) spearheaded a successful bid this past November to make pot legal in Colorado. The new law calls for regulating and taxing marijuana the same way as alcohol.

"The passage sent a loud and clear message that it's time for a more sensible approach to marijuana," says Tvert, *High Times* magazine's 2012 Freedom Fighter of the Year.

On his HBO show, Bill Maher offered financial support for Tvert to run a similar campaign in California. Opposition forces, including Colorado Governor John Hickenlooper, were just as quick to call marijuana a dangerous drug.

"When I was 18," Tvert recalls, "I overdosed on alcohol and was taken to the emergency room." Later, during his student days at the University of Richmond, he and others were rounded up by a grand jury looking into suspected marijuana-dealing at the school and in the surrounding area. "The Drug Enforcement Administration, state, county and local police and campus security converged to investigate a handful of students they believed were using marijuana," he explains. Nothing much came of the crackdown, but its absurdity stayed with him. "I almost died from an alcohol overdose, and the authorities never bothered to ask me where I got the booze. But simply being suspected of using marijuana brought every level of government down on us."

Tvert formed SAFER in January 2005 after seeing a survey that found one-third of Americans believed marijuana to be more harmful than alcohol. But while an estimated 100 million Americans smoke pot, none of them has ever overdosed. Conversely, 35,000 Americans die every year from alcohol con-

MEMO TO OBAMA: FOUR WAYS TO LEGALIZE

1. LET THE STATES DO IT

Legalize marijuana state by state. Do nothing to change federal marijuana laws but cease enforcing them. Like Obama's 2012 deferred-deportation directive, which adopted a policy of not enforcing federal immigration laws for people who came to this country as children, a Weed Order would allow tolerance to take root and spread.

2. AMEND EXISTING LAW

Congress could amend the Controlled Substances Act passed in 1970. It created and defined the five drug schedules and sets out criminal penalties for manufacturing, importing, possessing, using and distributing drugs. The DEA and FDA typically decide which substances are added or removed from the various schedules. The agencies could reclassify or declassify marijuana under federal law, so it is no longer a Schedule I drug (a substance with high potential of abuse and no accepted medical use, like heroin, LSD, peyote and ecstasy).

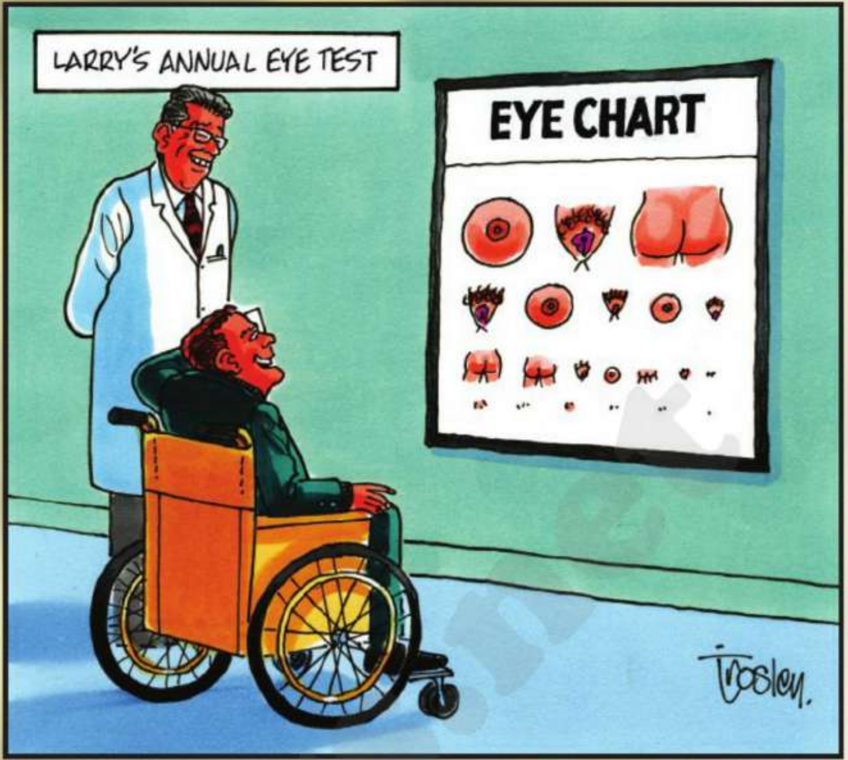
3. REDEFINE MARIJUANA

Agencies could declassify pot altogether so that it no longer falls under the CSA. Or they could reclassify it to a different schedule. The President could simply write a memo directing the Attorney General to order the DEA and FDA to reclassify or declassify marijuana. Alternatively, citizens may petition the DEA to reschedule or deschedule marijuana, then go through a hearing process.

4. USE THE COURTS

If criminal defendants fight their cases in federal court, the court could strike down federal marijuana laws as lacking scientific basis, exceeding federal power or violating federal Constitutional rights.

—Allison B. Margolin and J. Raza Lawrence



"Tit...pussy...ass...pussy...tit...pussy...tit...pussy...ass..."

a demoralizing shock after Chuck had already been separated from his young daughter, lost his money, his good name and his freedom. He's upbeat by nature but, angry and abandoned by the political system and President Obama, he wants others to know his story.

Before opening his dispensary, Chuck had consulted with an attorney specializing in medical marijuana and listened to assurances from the federal government that people who followed state medical marijuana laws would not be prosecuted. Now in custody, Chuck Kisor remains hopeful that good people in the government will someday recognize the injustice of what happened to him and consider granting him a pardon that would remove the blemish of a felony from his life story.

WEED WILL WIN

Recently a few Democratic and Republican senators have announced their intention to form a coalition to end mandatory minimum sentences for federal pot offenses.

If you would like to help us fight against unjust drug policies, search online for our nonprofit organization ***Advocates for Healing America.***

sumption—not including deaths from alcohol-related crimes and accidents.

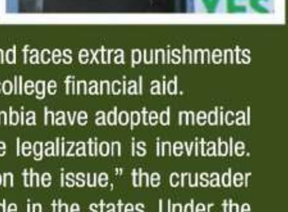
Tvert's efforts started by getting a referendum on ballots at the University of Colorado-Boulder and Colorado State University in 2005. The measures called for university marijuana penalties no greater than those for alcohol.

Two students at those schools had died from alcohol overdoses in 2004. "Every year we hear about similar cases," Tvert states. "But punishments for using marijuana are much more severe than those for underage drinking. This sends a message that alcohol is safer."

Both campuses passed the referenda. Although nonbinding, they got people discussing marijuana policies. Since then, Tvert has helped students pass similar measures at more than a dozen other colleges.

With plenty of press behind it, SAFER broadened its scope in '05, getting a ballot initiative passed that made Denver the first U.S. city to remove all penalties for marijuana possession by adults. Now he's helped make pot legal for the entire state of Colorado.

The case for the relative safety of marijuana is so compelling, it even led a DEA administrative law judge to conclude that "marijuana is one of the safest therapeutically active substances known to man."



MASON TVERT

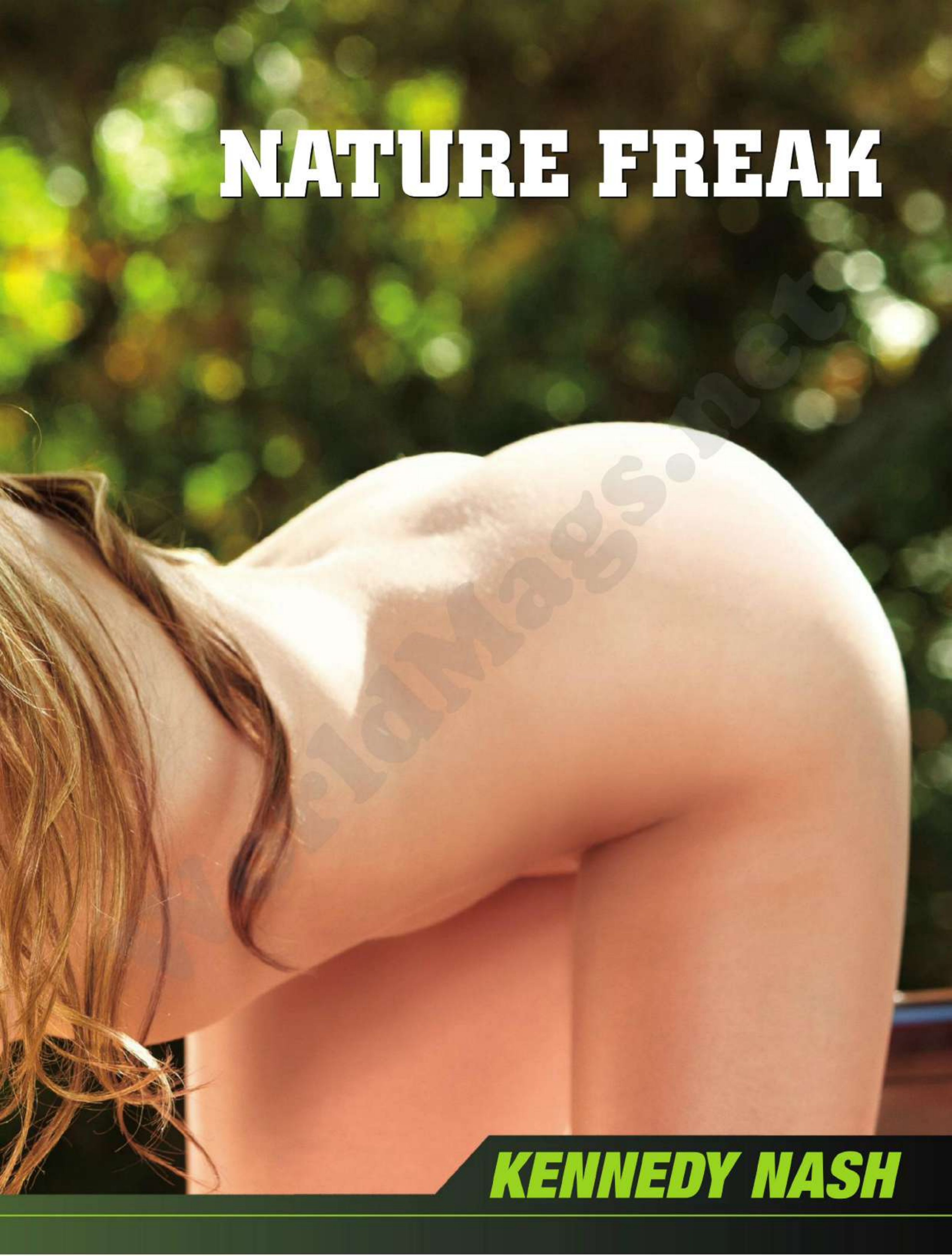
Nevertheless, 23 million Americans have been arrested for marijuana crimes since 1965. Every one of them is labeled a criminal and faces extra punishments ranging from loss of employment to forfeiting college financial aid.

Now that 18 states and the District of Columbia have adopted medical marijuana laws, Tvert believes that nationwide legalization is inevitable. "The federal government is dragging its feet on the issue," the crusader notes, "but there's a lot of progress being made in the states. Under the new policies, penalties for adults possessing marijuana would be removed, and pot would be produced and sold by licensed businesses."

Until then, he believes just keeping the debate alive and getting the word out about the relative safety of marijuana is the greatest weapon for legalization.

—Deborah Epstein

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL PRODUCTIONS



NATURE FREAK

KENNEDY NASH

WorldMags.net

Kennedy Nash's inner circle wasn't surprised when the curvy Coloradan decided to make a few bucks disrobing for the camera. "It was always a joke among my friends that I'd end up doing porn," she states. "I'm such an open and sexual person that it was only natural for me to pursue this lifestyle."

Sex isn't the only thing on **Kennedy**'s mind, though. "I'm passionate about art and healing," the retro hippie reveals. "I want to become a holistic practitioner. That way I can heal through my art and be a hand for nature!"

Also a camping enthusiast, **Kennedy** recalls one particularly memorable evening spent under the stars: "I was on a blow-up mattress in the woods with my boyfriend. It was way too windy and cold to be outdoors, but we stayed and made love all night. The sex was so hot that I forgot it was actually freezing!"

Kennedy will happily disclose what turns her on. Confidence, intelligence and a sense of humor are traits she looks for in a guy. On the other hand, she's not inclined to share her sexual fantasies. "I can dream up some pretty wild stuff, but a real lady never tells," **Kennedy** says. "I'd prefer to let your minds wander!"

KENNEDY'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Golden, Colorado | AGE: 20 | BIRTH SIGN: Capricorn | HEIGHT: 5-6 | WEIGHT: 110

RICK YUNE!

THE MAN BEHIND THE IRON FISTS

INTERVIEW BY CRAIG MODDERNO

Scorching the trail blazed by legends like Bruce Lee and Jackie Chan, the martial-arts diehard with the killer moves reveals an unexpected side.

We dare you to fight this guy. Kicking serious ass with two major releases—*The Man With the Iron Fists* and *Olympus Has Fallen*—Rick Yune is chopping his way into the pantheon of Hollywood action heroes.

The former Wall Street hedge-fund trader first grabbed attention as a falsely accused killer in 1999's *Snow Falling on Cedars*. In 2001, Yune nailed his signature role as Vietnamese gang leader Johnny Tran in *The Fast and the Furious*. One year later he expanded his villain repertoire as Zao, the North Korean henchman who faces off with Pierce Brosnan's 007 in the Bond hit *Die Another Day*.

In 2008, Yune upped his game by writing, producing and starring as the lead assassin in *The Fifth Commandment*. The action thriller was ambitious but took a body slam at the box office.

Yune was down, not out. 2009's *Ninja Assassin* warmed him up for his latest breakout in *The Man With the Iron Fists*. The bloody blockbuster showcased a fighting form more dangerous than ever.

Presented by Quentin Tarantino, directed by legendary Wu-Tang Clan rapper RZA (who also costars), coproduced by Eli Roth and starring Oscar winner Russell Crowe and Lucy Liu, *The Man With the Iron Fists* hit screens at the tail end of 2012. It's set to be an instant classic on DVD.

In RZA's words, Yune has a "special charisma and is a master of acting." The director was also impressed by Yune's ability to "raise his game" in the presence of a Hollywood heavyweight like Crowe. "Yune was tough and rugged in the film," RZA says, "but he's a man's man with an enormous heart. That was what made Humphrey Bogart, James Cagney, Paul Newman and Steve McQueen movie stars that actors with those special skills should aspire to be."

> "RUSSELL CROWE TAUGHT ME NOT TO WORRY ABOUT GETTING TOO PSYCHED UP SHOOTING AN ACTION SCENE BUT TO LOOK AT IT AS A SEPARATE FIGHT ON FILM."

HUSTLER: What's the best thing about being an actor?

RICK YUNE: The best thing is when you're working with someone who brings their best game to the room or set. You then realize it's like James Cagney says in the classic gangster film *White Heat* when he shouts, "Top of the world, Ma!" (*Smiles.*) Then he gets shot to death, but that's show business!

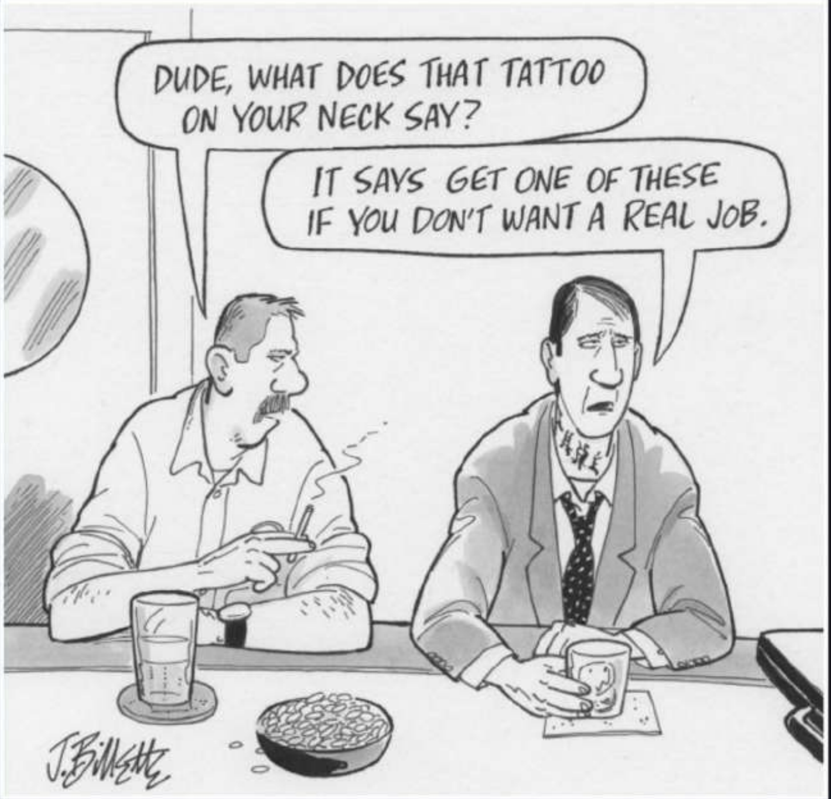
What's the worst thing?

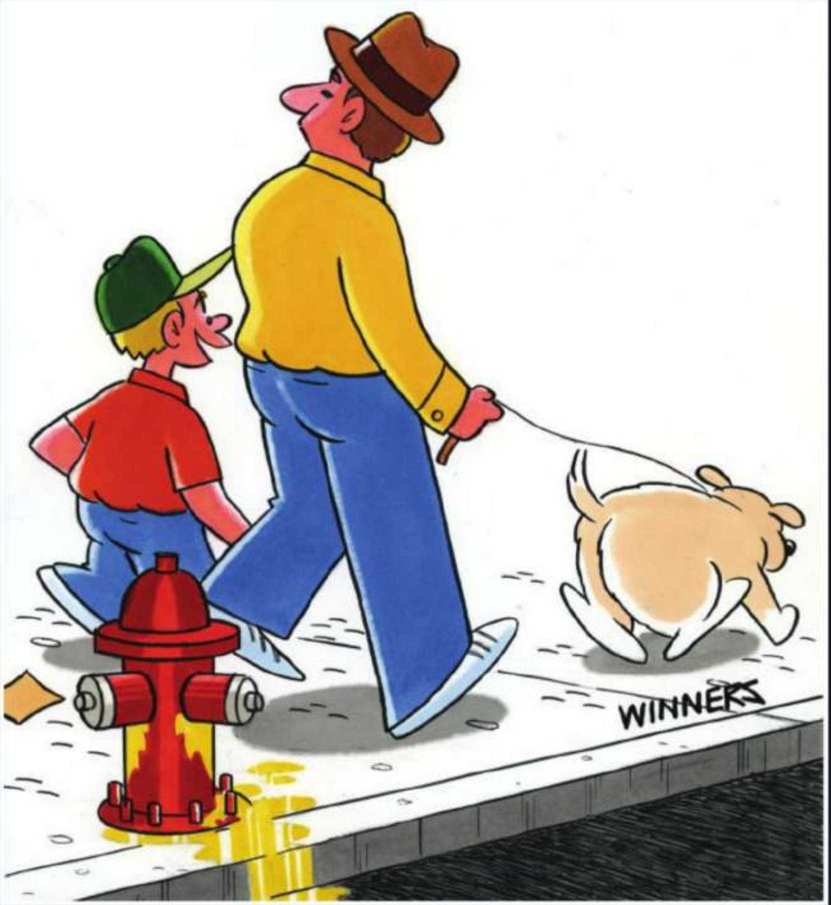
Auditions. The casting directors are often bored because you're the 353rd person they'd seen that day. They want someone to show them something new or fresh or some sex appeal or notable personality, but most of all they just want you to keep them awake! Often you're reading with someone who's a bad actor, and then it becomes just like driving on the freeway: You just want to survive and get out of the way of someone who doesn't know what they're doing.

You're an action star. Why an interest in romantic comedies?

Because they show the vulnerability of a man with a woman. I thought *What Women*

PHOTOS COURTESY UNIVERSAL PICTURES


DUDE, WHAT DOES THAT TATTOO ON YOUR NECK SAY?
IT SAYS GET ONE OF THESE IF YOU DON'T WANT A REAL JOB.
J.Bilgetz



"Man, I don't know what that fire hydrant ever did to Ralph. But whatever it was, it really pissed him off!"

Want was a fantastic film and showed a whole different winning side of why Mel Gibson is an international movie star. A lot of guys including myself have gone out of their ways to win a woman, and it's often comedic afterwards to see what you've done. Acting like that in a film would be fun because, unlike acting in an action film, the only broken bones you might get is a broken heart!

How easy is it for you to hit the clubs and take your pick?

I've been going to clubs since I was 15. Back in the day you couldn't get into a club. You had to have a vibe and contribute to the sexually charged environment. It wasn't about what you did or who you knew but about this special quality you had, whether or not you had this undefinable movie-star aura. I knew millionaires who went back to the same clubs for months but could never get in because they projected the vibe of a loser. Today anyone can get in a club if they flash their gold card and vials. With that in hand, even the Elephant Man can get laid by a supermodel in a nightclub!

What have you learned working with the likes of Pierce Brosnan, Russell Crowe and Vin Diesel?

Pierce reminded me how important it is to treat everyone on the crew with respect and how to have fun working even when the weather makes things miserable. Russell taught me not to worry about getting too psyched up shooting an action scene but to look at it as a separate fight on film. Concentrate on the safety, not the emotion in what you're doing. Vin stressed keeping a high energy level when you're filming at night, especially when you're working with a lot of extras, which means if they see you slacking off, they'll do the same.

What advice would you give someone coming to Hollywood today versus ten years ago?

Ten years ago they were looking for nerd types to play in comedies where they win the superhot woman that wouldn't even return their greetings in real life. It was escape pictures and big action films, which is what studios still want today. My advice is: Don't try to be what you can't be. Clint Eastwood, for example, plays himself in every film. There are very few Pacinos or Streeps who have had long careers by constantly taking risks like these actors have.

What's harder: a fight scene or sex scene?

(*Laughs.*) It depends on how good a fighter the woman is.

Who are your most devoted groupies?

The greatest support that I get for my work comes from the African-American and Spanish-speaking communities. I'll always be grateful for having grown up as a Korean in an urban environment in Washington, D.C. Seriously, the most criticism I've ever had is from the Asian community, because they feel ownership of my characters and because there are so few Asian actors working today. Onscreen I think people don't see me as

PHOTO BY JEAN-CLAUDE

an average hero or a supervillain but as an underdog they can root for. Did that answer your question?

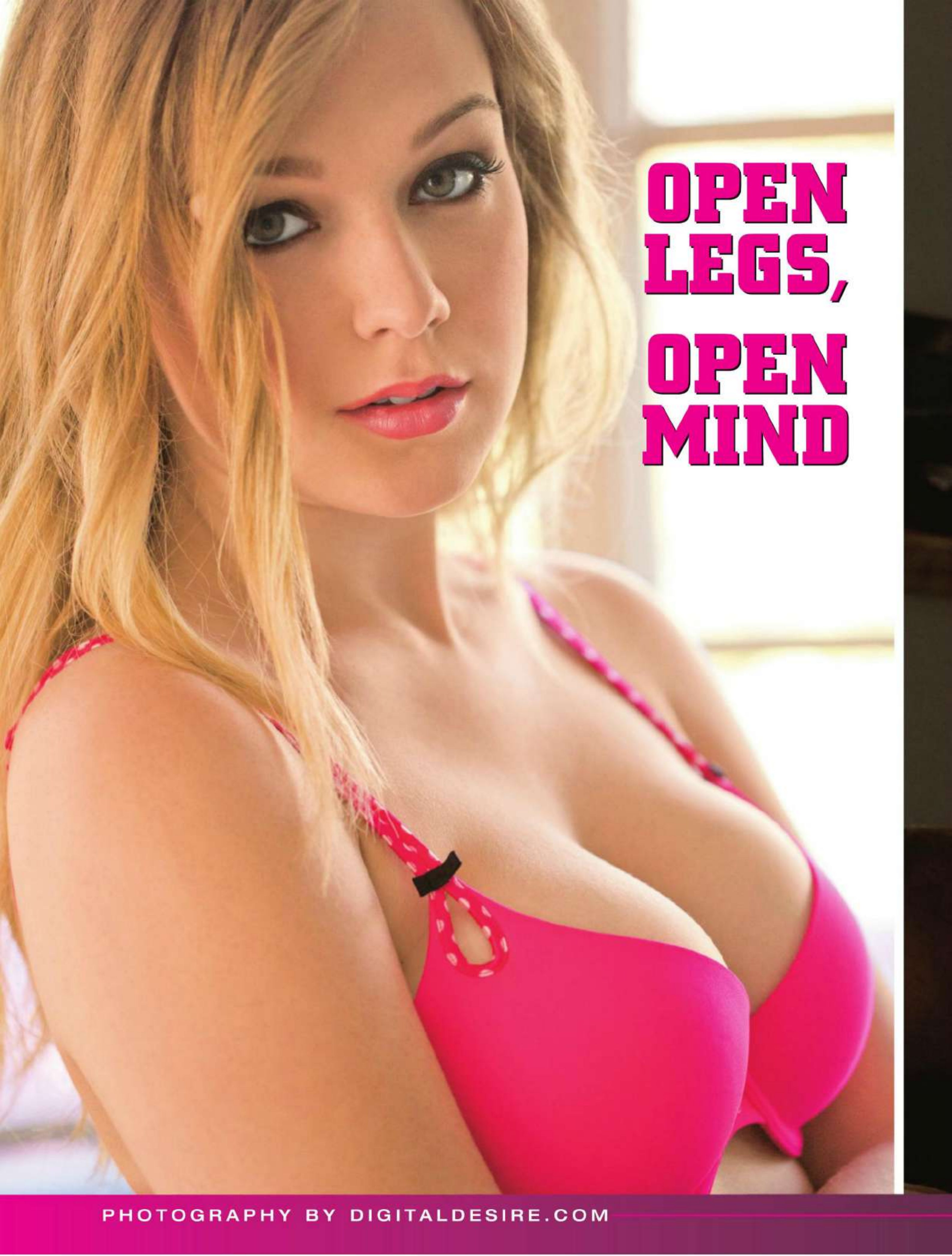
Not really. Let's put it this way: Do you get laid more as an Asian actor?

(*Laughs.*) I get my share. My definition of a movie star is a guy women want to fuck and a man other men want to be. I know a lot of guys who look like crickets that get laid all the time because they're in front of a camera professionally. The rewards of celebrity don't have anything to do with skin color or ethnic heritage in our society today.

What's Rick Yune's guilty pleasure?

I try to watch *The Sound of Music* at least once a year. I'll even go to an outdoor sing-a-long showing that they usually have during summer around the country. What can I say? I love the film, and I grew up wanting to sing as a member of the Von Trapp family. My secret fantasy is to find a woman who will watch the movie with me and hold her own when we do a duet! ◆

Freelance journalist Craig Modderno has penned thousands of articles, most notably for the *Washington Post*, *Rolling Stone*, *Details*, *USA Today*, the *Oakland Tribune* and the *New York Times*. He is coauthor (with filmmaker John Badham) of the book *I'll Be in My Trailer: The Creative Wars Between Actors and Directors*.



OPEN LEGS, OPEN MIND

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DIGITALDESIRE.COM

WorldMags.net

Alaina Fox doesn't give a fuck what you think of her. "It doesn't bother me if most people believe that the work I do is inherently degrading," the nude model proclaims. "Because I have great friends who encourage me, and my peers in this business have helped me develop into the confident, contentious, sex-positive woman I am today."

Alaina's most memorable erotic experience involved receiving oral sex while high on LSD. The curvy North Carolinian has only had one threesome so far, but she's boning up on books about polyamory and expanding her horizons to include multiple sexual partners.

But don't be fooled. **Alaina** has more than fucking on her mind. "This is probably where most guys will stop reading," she reckons. "But I'm very concerned about social-justice issues. I'd like to use whatever attention I get from my career to make people aware of the systems and 'isms' (racism, sexism, ableism, etc.) that are used to oppress so many people all around the world."

Just so you don't write **Alaina Fox** off as a humorless hottie, here's how she unwinds: "Beer, blunts and the beach, baby. Woo, look at that alliteration!"

ALAINA FOX

ALAINA'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Henderson, North Carolina | AGE: 19 | BIRTH SIGN: Pisces | HEIGHT: 5-6 | WEIGHT: 135

WorldMags.net

Mary came home early and caught her husband screwing a very attractive young chick. "Paul, you are a disrespectful pig!" she hollered. "How dare you do this to me—and in our bedroom? I want a divorce!"

While his lover scrambled to find her clothing, Paul yelled, "Hang on a sec so I can at least tell you what happened!"

"Go ahead," Mary grunted, "but they'll be the last words you'll ever say to me."

"Well," Paul began, "I was about to drive home, and this young lady here asked me for a lift. She looked so down and out that I took pity on her and let her into the car. I noticed she was very thin, and she told me she hadn't eaten for three days. So I brought her home and warmed up the enchiladas I made for you last night, the ones you wouldn't eat because you were afraid you'd put on weight. The poor thing devoured them in minutes."

As Mary scowled, Paul continued, "Since she needed a good clean-up, I suggested a shower. While she was doing that, I noticed her clothes were dirty and full of holes, so I threw them away. I gave her the designer jeans you don't wear because they're too tight. I also gave her the sexy blouse you don't wear because my sister has one just like it and the lingerie I gave you for your anniversary present, which you refuse to wear because they reflect my bad taste. As I walked her to the door, she was so grateful for my help that she had tears in her eyes."

"But why did you end up sticking your cock in the bitch?!" Mary demanded.

"Right before the girl was going to leave, she asked if there was anything

When Timmy asked his mom where his intelligence came from, she laughed. "It must've come from your father," she told the whippersnapper. "Because I still have mine!"

Question: What do you call a roomful of women—half with PMS and half with yeast infections?

Answer: A whine-and-cheese party.

Upon discovering a discrepancy in the compiled data, a researcher named Winston phoned one of the participants of a recent survey about the sex lives of married couples. "So what's the problem?" the man on the line asked.

"For the frequency-of-intercourse question, you checked the twice-weekly box," Winston replied. "Whereas your wife wrote down seven times a night."

"That's right!" the husband exclaimed. "And that's how it's gonna stay until our second mortgage is paid off!"

Question: What do you call someone who drinks prune juice and whisky every morning?

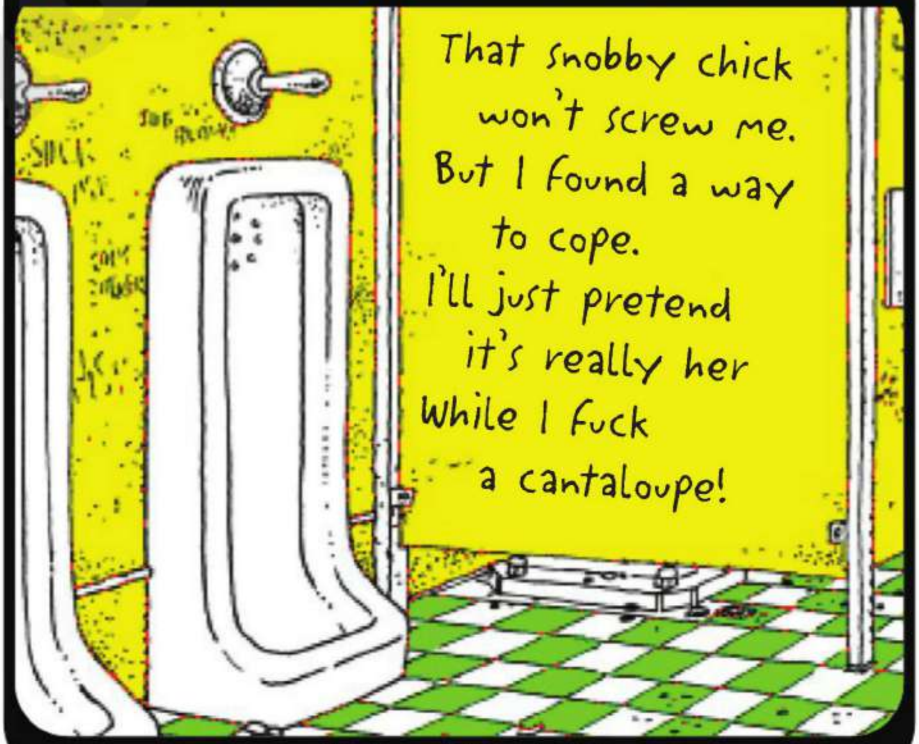
Answer: A regular drunk.

In search of a glass of water, Little Johnny passed by his parents' bedroom in the middle of the night. Hearing a lot of moaning and thumping, he peeked in and saw his folks going at it doggy-style. Before they could even react, Little Johnny exclaimed, "Oh, boy! Horsey ride! Daddy, can I ride on your back?"

Relieved that his son hadn't asked an uncomfortable question, and also seeing an opportunity to covertly continue banging away, Dad agreed. Little Johnny hopped on, and his pop resumed going to town. Pretty soon Mom was moaning and gasping again.

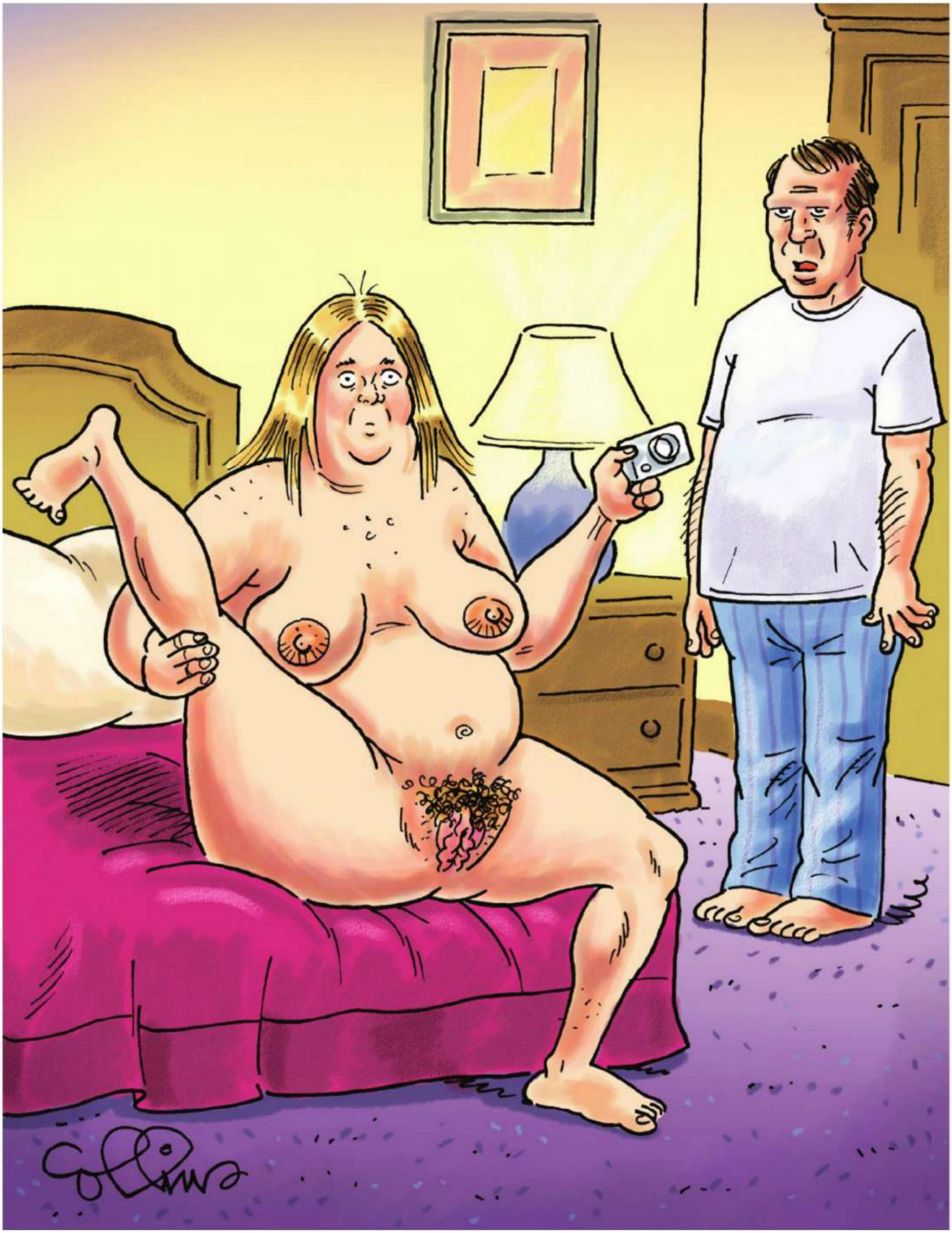
That's when Little Johnny cried out, "Hang on tight, Daddy! This is the part where me and the mailman usually get bucked off!"

GRAFFILTHY



Thanks and $50 go to J.E.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If



"*Beaver Hunt*? Seriously? You want to put America through another traumatic event so soon after the elections?"

HARDCORE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

Asa Akira, Kaylee Hilton and Nikki Daniels (bottom) go *Animal*.

MY
LLEGE
SUCKS

Not Animal House XXX

ADAM & EVE PICTURES/X-PLAY. DIRECTOR: WILL RYDER. STARRING: ASA AKIRA, JESSIE ANDREWS, BRITNEY AMBER, SPENCER SCOTT, KAYLEE HILTON, VICKI CHASE, CALLIE CYPRUS, KATT DYLAN, ZOEY FOXX, NIKKI DANIELS, CINDY STARFALL, BLISS DULCE, TAYLOR RUSSO, TOM BYRON, ANTHONY ROSANO, ERIC SWISS, CHAD DIAMOND, ERIC JOHN, JACK VEGAS, RALPH LONG, SETH GAMBLE & J.J. HOLLYBERRY.

How do you spoof the granddaddy of anarcho gross-out comedies? By loading your flick with as much ladyflesh as you possibly can, then bet on the fact that no one is going to watch it sober. On the run from a snooty Omega bash, Asa Akira and Jessie Andrews join the slut bash at Delta house, where starlet Katt Dylan and loose Latina Vicki Chase suckle random cock and clit while the famous fat slob gawks. J.J. Hollyberry's Bluto ain't Belushi, but he's still the funniest thing in the movie. Prissy peroxide Omegas Britney Amber and Spencer Scott lay down a nice muff-diving interlude for him, then it's back to the Deltas slobbering over more cock—and, appropriately, whining about a pop quiz. Meanwhile, Dean Wormer (played with menace by Tom Byron) cornholes a student body, and Jessie and Asa get pinned thanks to their blowbang skill. Finally, it's toga time! The party's a pussy avalanche, of course, but Jessie steals the show with her usual 4.0 fucking. Asa's moment to shine comes in a good finale dicking that for some regrettable reason doesn't climax in one of her great ass-shaftings. When it comes to comedy, sitcum pioneer Will Ryder is no John Landis, but his spoof delivers, with enough fuck scenes to stock a sperm bank and eight hours of footage on two discs. That's a lot of meat for you animals to pig out on. Better lay in a few kegs for the ride. ***—M.J.***

UNLESS
YOU HAVI
REALLY BI
BOOBS

Toga! Bliss Dulce, Kaylee Hilton, Asa Akira and Jessie Andrews (bottom left) get the ***House*** *party started as blond duo Britney Amber and Spencer Scott have a deeply religious experience.*

THIS MONTH'S
MASTER STROKE

Gabriella Paltrova, London Giana and Adrianna Luna (bottom) visit their favorite ***Hole*** *in the wall.*

Teen Glory Holes

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: OTTO BAUER. STARRING: KATIE ST. IVES, GABRIELLA PALTROVA, LONDON GIANA, MELINA MASON, ADRIANNA LUNA, TINSLEE REAGAN, ALEX GONZ, EVAN STONE, ERIC SWISS, MARCO BANDERAS, SCOTT LYONS & OTTO BAUER.

Glory Holes? Wasn't that a Bruce Springsteen hit? Unfortunately not. But if sticking your dick through a hole in a wall and getting it deep-throated by a cute chick under 20 is your thing, this flick should make you sing "Born to Come" at the top of your lungs. Now, in the world of real anonymous knob-slobbing, you might not know whether that mouth on the other side belongs to a hottie, a toothless grandma or a very lonely dude. That's why porn is better. Stacked Melina Mason's rack and Gabriella Paltrova's visible hunger for cock cut the risk factor to zero. They'll have you beating your dick like it owes you money. Cute-as-shit Katie St. Ives craves a motorcycle ride. But when that disembodied man meat shows up, the broad goes hog wild. London Giana's plumber suck-off showcases her expert pipe-handling, and Latina darling Adrianna Luna does her best State Farm ad: Like a good neighbor, her drooling mouth is there. Finale girl Tinslee Reagan adds value by backing her own little glory hole into position and working it every which way. True to her namesake, she'll make you trickle down. To order this little sucker now, call 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or go to **HustlerStore.com**. ***—Andy Parker***

***Pussyeating** galore: Angel Blaze eats Sasha Sweet, Andy San Dimas devours Dee, Vulpix pleases Kimberly Kane (bottom left) and Justine Joli tongues tasty Cait Kennedy.*

Pussyeating Pros

BURNING ANGEL ENTERTAINMENT. DIRECTOR: JOANNA ANGEL. STARRING: ROGGIE, AIDEN STAR, KIMBERLY KANE, VULPIX, CAIT KENNEDY, JUSTINE JOLI, SASHA SWEET, ANGEL BLAZE, DEE & ANDY SAN DIMAS.

Alt-porn queen Joanna Angel directs this punked-out lickfest with vaginal verve. In a standard eat-out session to warm up the disc, lonely Kimberly Kane manages to bring her gadget voice "Sally" to life in the shape of cute, blue-haired newcummer Vulpix. Fleshy pole dancers Angel Blaze and Sasha Sweet up the ante by rimming each other's buttholes clean as a whistle. Their sweetest moment comes when Sasha pussyfarts right into Angel's face. Truly romantic. Next, self-confessed slutty receptionist Cait Kennedy wants superstar Justine Joli to be rough with her, and she gets her wish as the movie suddenly roars into Scorchville. Appropriately, Cait has a tattoo on her torso that reads, "If we go down, we go down together." We hope one of these two ladies proposed at the end of the scene. A finger-fucking matchup like theirs should never end. Blond siren Aiden and pierced black pinup princess Roggie add some great eye candy, and the gothy finale with Andy San Dimas and Dee caps off the vagfest in tacky style. *Pussyeating Pros* delivers groin-level production values and top-notch ladyflesh. If you always wanted to watch your local hipster muff-divers in action, don't waste time on amateurs. Get the pros. ***—M.J.***

Chyna gets bodyslammed.

Chyna Is Queen of the Ring

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. DIRECTOR: B. SKOW STARRING: CHYNA, LISA ANN, VALERIE KAY, LEE STONE, ANTHONY HARDWOOD, CYRUS KING, JUSTIN MAGNUM, MARCO BANDERAS, RALPH LONG, SLEDGE HAMMER, T.J. CUMMINGS, TOMMY PISTOL, RON JEREMY, ALEX SANDERS & EVAN STONE.

She may have left the WWE, but Chyna is still making men tap. The woman wrestling fans remember as "The Ninth Wonder of the World" is back in the ring to leave an indelible cumstain on the porn-parody genre. As legendary broadcaster Jim Ross would say, this no-holes-barred fuck flick is a real slobber-knocker. The action gets under way with Chyna squaring off with Lisa Ann (as Stephanie) and chairman of the board Vince in the most roided-out triple-threat match you could ever imagine. Don't worry. Daddy and daughter don't fuck, but it's nice to see employers are so hands-on with their staff. Back in the squared circle, a nine-wrestler gangbang shows our girl getting body slammed in every position possible. Forget clotheslines and choke slams. This match has blowjobs and bukkake! Even Doink the Clown and Mean Gene get in on the horizontal grappling. But, folks, you ain't seen nothing yet. After sampling ring girl Valerie Kay's poontang pie, Ron Jeremy turns his attention to Chyna in a scene that cannot be described in words alone. Seriously. But the main event is Chyna's anal threesome with a hokey Hulk Hogan and phony Ric Flair. It'll make you put your dick in a headlock, screaming "Jizzapalooza!" Get ready—it's Fucklemania time! ***—A.P.***

Virgin Brides

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: OTTO BAUER. STARRING: TRINITY ST. CLAIR, ALYSSA BRANCH, VANESSA CAGE, GISELLE LEON, MAIA DAVIS, RYAN DRILLER, WILL POWERS, ERIC JOHN, BILLY GLIDE & OTTO BAUER.

Is there anything more romantic than popping a virgin on her wedding night? No, especially if you're the best man! Think there's no such thing as a virgin bride anymore? Leave it to porn to find the only five left, starting with Trinity St. Clair, who lets the groom pop her tight little butt cherry as well. Now *that's* a solid foundation for matrimony. Next, lovely newlywed Alyssa Branch strips out of her gown and wraps her legs up around her head like Mama told her. It's all just to distract her new hubby from the fact that he just got hitched, of course. And it works like a charm! For our money, Alyssa's the real catch, but the rest of the cast all take the duties of consummation seriously enough. As the old saying goes, it's a beautiful thing when a girl becomes a woman—and takes a mouthful of cum at the same time. No, there doesn't appear to be an intact hymen in the bunch. But what *Virgin Brides* lacks in bloody sheets, it makes up for in fuckable, barely legal marriage material. **—M.J.**

Virgin *voyage: Vanessa Cage (top left), Giselle Leon and Alyssa Branch (bottom) seal the deal.*

BOZO'S BIMBO

PHOTO COURTESY ERIC CASH

REMEMBERING HOLLIE STEVENS

Even as the reaper drew near, hardcore's hottest circus freak was still cracking jokes.

BY SCOTT FAYNER

BONERS FLEW AT HALF-MAST

following the news of Hollie Stevens's death. On July 3, 2012, the XXX actress lost her battle against cancer at the youthful age of 30. Spanning from 2003 right up until she became too weak to work, her career was a testament to the Kansas City, Missouri, native's belief in bringing laughter to everything she touched, most notably as a pioneering force behind clown porn. Yeah, it's just like it sounds—people dressing up like clowns and fucking on camera.

The cult craze was born from the underground circus scene in places like San Francisco, where fans of the Big Top gather for concerts and social functions. Hollie Stevens secured her place in the movement by starring in *Clown Porn*, the first XXX video of its kind. Since then, scenes featuring Bozo-inspired fornication have been popping up all over the Internet. Hollie's clown-porn fame even got her cast in a low-budget, clown-inspired spaghetti western titled *Crackwood: The Movie*, alongside Ron Jeremy, Gilbert Gottfried, Motörhead's Lemmy and Ted Lange (Isaac the bartender from *Love Boat*). You can find a trailer for it on YouTube.

GHOST GIRL

Hollie's enrollment into the jizz biz followed a few years of stripping. She was 21 years old and renting a room in a house in Reseda, California, shared by my porn friends Ashley Blue and Trent Tesoro. I liked Hollie instantly. She was tall, blond and eager to experiment. Needless to say, I soon became a regular fixture at that house. I even tried to have sex with Hollie on a few occasions, but it never seemed to work out. Either she'd pass out from too much drinking, or we would giggle through grinding teeth as I desperately pulled at my coked-up pud trying to get it hard.

Stevens discovered a lump in one of her breasts in 2010 but, because she had no health insurance, failed to get it checked out until early 2011. Diagnosed with Stage 3 metastatic breast cancer, she quickly began chemotherapy. A mastectomy followed later in the year, but by the spring of 2012 the disease had spread to her bones, ribs, liver and brain.

It's ironic that back in 2003, Hollie had the idea of faking her death as a joke. Khan Tusion—the director responsible for such degrading landmarks as *Butt Licking Anal Whores* and *Piss Mops*—was also the owner of the house she lived in. One day he came over and choked out Hollie while shooting his latest porn project.

After he left, Hollie thought it would be funny to pretend she had been killed during the scene, and I instantly posted photos to LukeFord.com of her lying "dead' on the living-room carpet. The next day, Hollie wanted to "come back from the grave" and suck me off on camera. I later uploaded a video, titled *Ghost (Nut)Buster*, in which Hollie—draped in a white sheet—floated around the house, moaning "I'm the ghost of Hollie Stevens…and I want to suck your cock!" (FYI: I consider a blowjob and sex to be two different things, in case you were wondering.)

When word that Hollie was sick hit the Internet, a flood of well-wishers reached into their wallets to support the XXX performer in her time of need. A chunk of the treatments were covered by a city program, Healthy San Francisco. But Hollie wasn't working enough to cover the rest. "I cannot believe how many people care, how good my fans are and how much complete strangers have helped me," Stevens told *SF Weekly* while in treatment. "This is unreal. Not everyone hates clowns after all!"

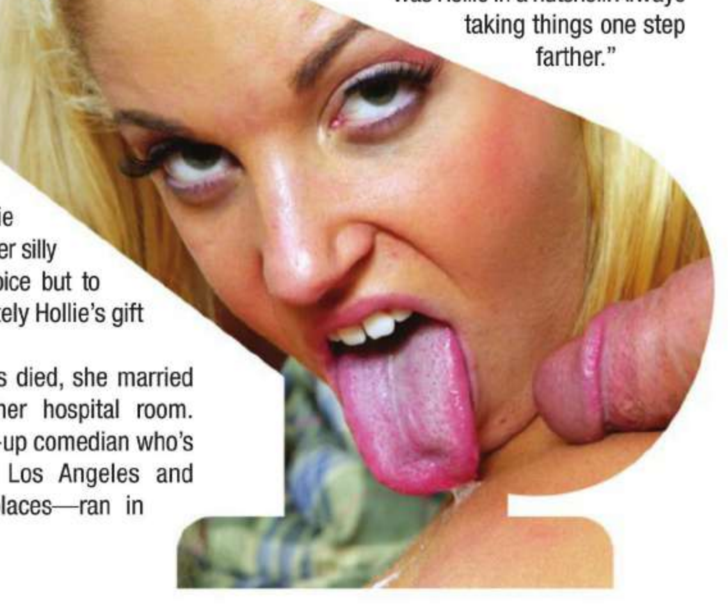
PUT TWO IN?

"She was such a funny person," recalls former roommate Ashley Blue. "Hollie's favorite thing to do was to throw on a mullet wig and do a goofy dance while lip-syncing 'Come Sail Away' by Styx. Well, that and dress up like a pirate! I remember she went in full garb to the premiere of *Pirates of the Carribbean* and came home wasted while I was fighting with my boy-friend. We were bawling our eyes out, and in comes Hollie dressed like a pirate doing her silly dance until we had no choice but to laugh. Laughter was definitely Hollie's gift to the world."

A month before Stevens died, she married boyfriend Eric Cash in her hospital room. Cash—an artist and stand-up comedian who's lived in San Francisco, Los Angeles and Australia, among other places—ran in some of the same hip circles as Hollie. They had become online friends after he discovered she was following him on Twitter, and they stayed in touch throughout 2011.

On New Year's Day 2012 the two finally met. "I was impressed by her right off the bat, mostly because I knew she was a badass," Cash recalls. "She didn't do anything to try and impress anyone. She just effortlessly bounced through people's lives, saying and doing completely inappropriate things. By the end of February, I was head over heels in love with her."

"Hollie wouldn't do anal in the old days, just like most of the scared new girls in the business," Ashley Blue jokes. "She'd keep refusing. But after she'd been shot out by all the companies, I had the feeling she'd cave in and take it up the ass. But she had morals, at least in those days, and came home one day from work and said, 'I just did double vag!' I was like, 'You won't put one dick in your ass, but you'll put two in your pussy?' That was Hollie in a nutshell. Always taking things one step farther."



BRIGHT LIGHT

Hollie never let the cancer limit her productivity. "She was working at both Kink.com and at the Lusty Lady peep show right until the end," Eric remembers. "She was exercising regularly, kickboxing two or three times a week and writing for both her blog and the magazine *Girls and Corpses.* She actually worked at Kink all the way through her first round of chemotherapy and even filmed a scene for DungeonCorp.com during which her hair was cut off and head shaved as 'punishment.' Working helped her keep her mind off of things." As for her hair, Hollie probably assumed she would lose it to the chemo anyway.

Eric goes on to say, "One time I almost got my ass kicked, thanks to Hollie, when we attended the annual XRCO Awards show in Los Angeles together as dates. After one of many trips to the bar for cocktails, I returned to find Hollie being groped by porn actor/director T.T. Boy. Known for his anger issues and fighting skills (he was once a boxer), T.T. was not someone I wanted to mess with. When he suggested that I 'get the fuck lost or else,' I did. Hollie wasn't my girlfriend [yet]. I had no reason to fight for her honor. I didn't see her again until I was leaving, and she ran up to me from the crowd. 'Wow, that guy is psycho!' she shrieked. 'He wouldn't let me leave. When I saw you taking off, I accidentally spilled my drink in his lap so I could get away.' Hollie looked around nervously. 'He doesn't like you. We should go.'"

Legendary male performer Mark Davis remembers Hollie as a bright light in an otherwise dark industry: "She was so outgoing, always the life of the party wherever we went. She brought the crowd to her, from all walks of life. She was a special person. The last time I saw Hollie was at the Kink Christmas party in 2011. The cancer had by

HARDCORE PHOTOS COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

PHOTO COURTESY GLENN FRANCIS

that time spread to the bones in her legs, and she was very weak. But she was still smiling and hopeful, and we laughed all night and talked optimistically about the future."

"Throughout everything, Hollie remained the girl I knew," says Eric a month after her passing. "That really blew me away. With the amount of pain she was in, and having to come to terms with her approaching death, it boggled me to see her making jokes and remaining that crass, loving, inappropriate and charming woman she was before she got sick. I remember when one of her friends came to visit in the hospice, and Hollie kept telling him that the whole thing was an elaborate joke she had set up and that she wasn't really dying. She laughed, saying, 'I can't believe you're falling for this.'"

That was Hollie for ya: a jokester till the very end.

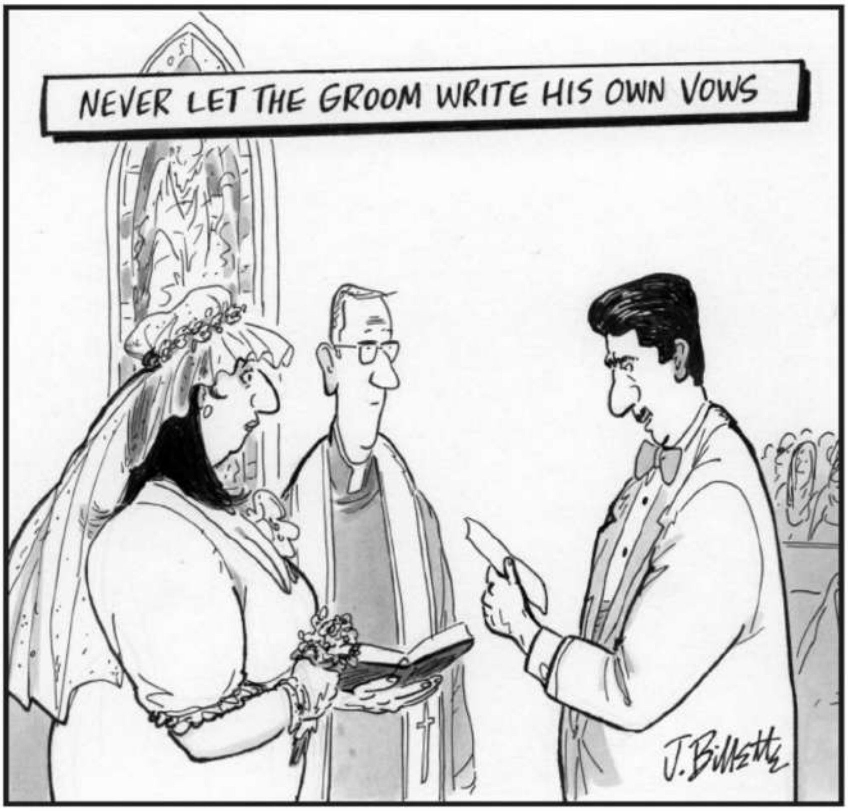
Massachusetts native Scott Fayner frequently writes about porn and pooches—but never at the same time. Besides contributing to HUSTLER, *K9 Magazine*, *Technology Review* and other media, Fayner quarterbacks his online dog publication **MassArf.com**.

PALM
AVN AWARDS

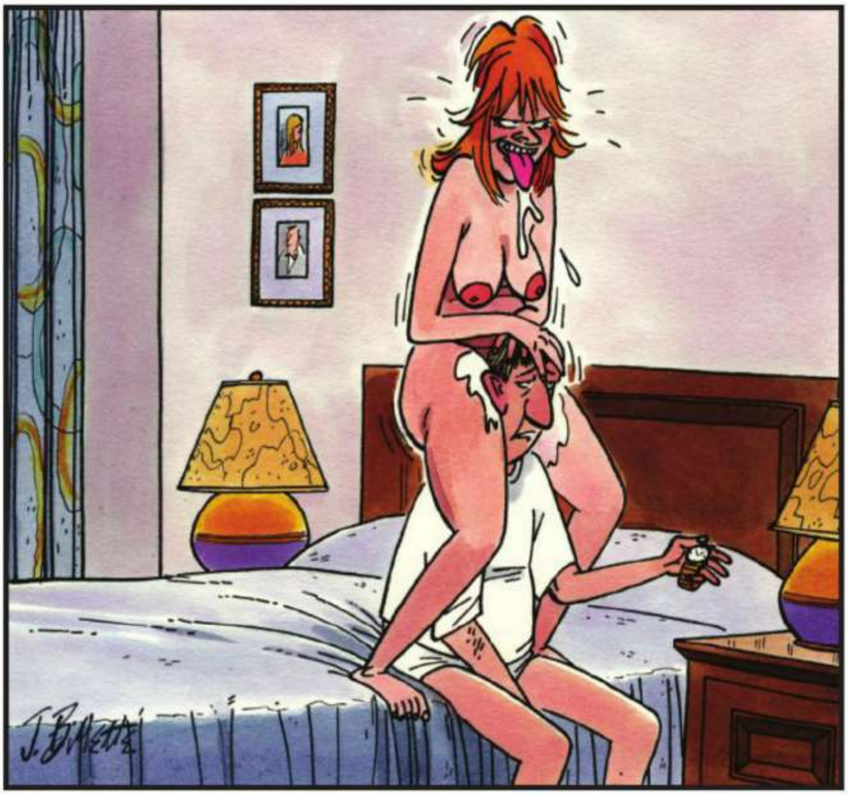
Hollie with Mark Davis and with Eric Cash on their wedding day (below)

PHOTO COURTESY BRAD FITZGERALD

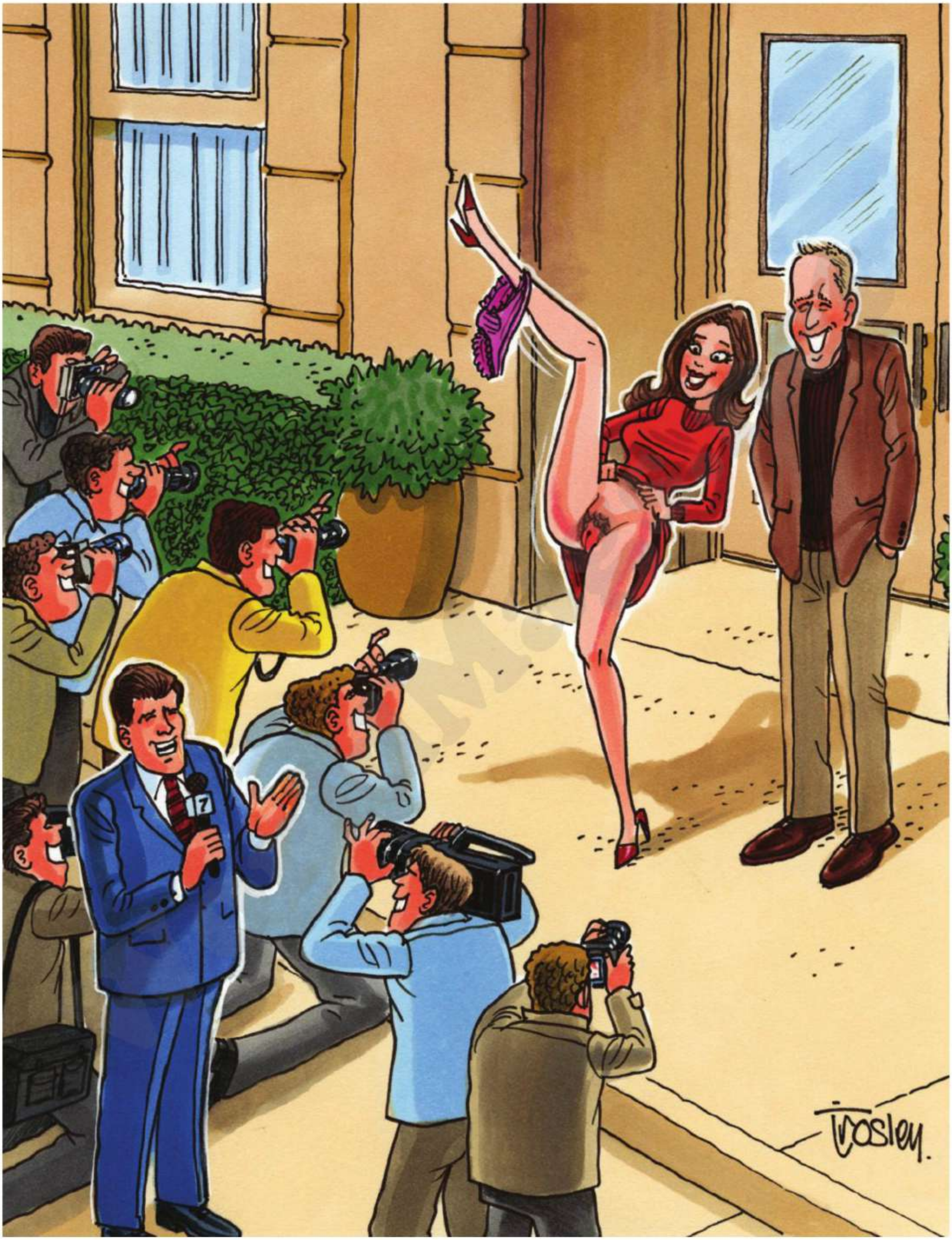
PHOTO COURTESY ERIC CASH


NEVER LET THE GROOM WRITE HIS OWN VOWS
J. Billsetts

"I never thought that I would ever be lucky enough to meet anyone like Mindy! Her pussy doesn't taste fishy, and she really loves it up the butt!"



"Oh, dammit, Emma. Have you been reading that fucking *Fifty Shades of Grey* book again?!"



"We all wondered how Kate Middleton could get the world to stop talking about her topless photos..."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

WAZZUP, DOC?

MIA LINA

WorldMags.net

Amy (**Mia Lina**) wasn't feeling well. Unfortunately, her cut-rate health insurance often forced her to see subpar physicians. That's why she ended up visiting Dr. P. Niles Parker (**Scott Lyons**), whose office was located in his studio apartment above an exotic-pet store.

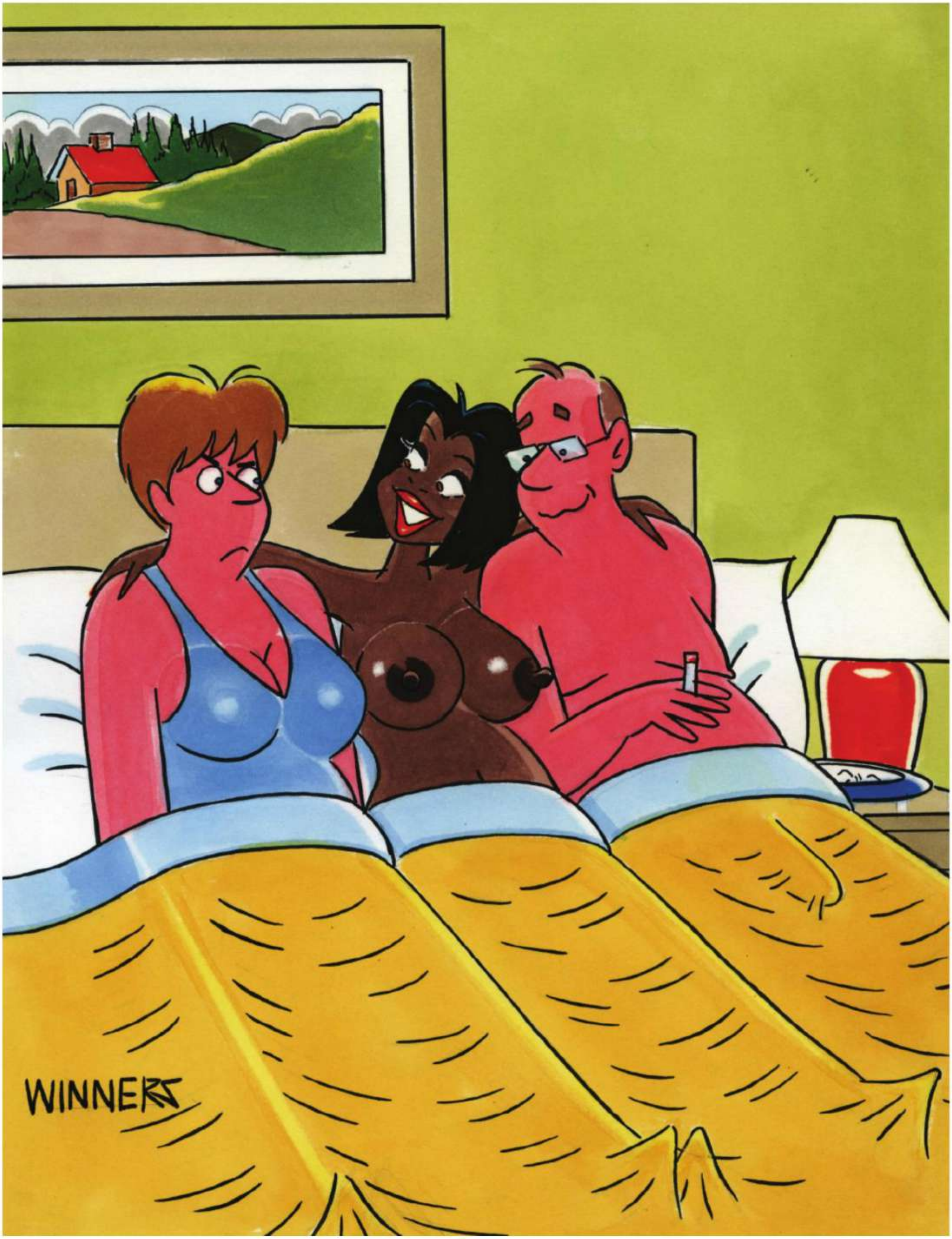
Sticking to his protocol with female patients, Dr. Parker immediately asked Amy to undress. And then in accordance with that protocol, the M.D.discarded his own clothing. "A-ha," Dr. Parker remarked confidently. "You have a protein deficiency."

Looking Amy over, he continued, "As luck would have it, I've been working on my own unique protein-delivery system. I don't have the patent yet, but the clinical tests have been promising. Here, let me show you how it works."

When Dr. Parker placed his erect cock in her hand, Amy knew something wasn't right. "This can't be the way to cure a protein deficiency," she protested. "And you definitely can't patent it."

"Why not?" Dr. Parker brusquely countered.

"Because my last doctor used this same method to cure my carpal tunnel syndrome!"



"I want you to know, it was never my intention to come between you and your husband."

HARDCORE NETWORKERS PART 2: PORN GIRLS OF TWITTER

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

SARAH JESSIE

TATTOOED DIVA

LOCATION: Los Angeles, California

AGE: 34

PROFILE: Twitter.com/SarahJessieXXX

Here's the adult actress that tattoo buffs all dream about: a hot, busty, 5-foot-7 blonde adorned with tasteful, colorful ink. Sarah Jessie has been in the biz only a few short years. But as soon as the Detroit, Michigan, native jumped on the Twitter bandwagon, she immediately had almost 20,000 followers tuning in to see pics from her XXX scenes.

Before Sarah Jessie started showing she knows how to get it on like a seasoned pro—check out HUSTLER Video's *Bossy MILFs #6* and *This Ain't The Partridge Family XXX*—the babe donned far-from-provocative apparel: scrubs. "I was a dental assistant for the military in Germany," she recalls. "Then I started modeling and traveling around Europe. I moved to Melbourne, Australia, and started stripping at a club called Showgirls."

GLAMOUR PHOTOS BY CASPER MUÑOZ PHOTOGRAPHY

It wasn't long before Sarah Jessie made the leap to fornicating for pornophiles. She also finds time to hike and hit the gym to maintain her toned body. And she makes time for friends who share her love of music, art, dance and porn. "I'm into anything different and interesting," she says.

The same principle applies to her love life: "I love to give a wet, sloppy blowjob and gag myself with a big cock. My pussy should be licked gently, not sucked. I like to be on top and rub my clit till I cum all over, then I want to be turned over and fucked until my partner cums all over me or I finish him off in my wet mouth."

LIke it states on her Twitter profile, Sarah Jessie is a free spirit.

BOSSY MILFS #6 PHOTO COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

JEN CAPONE

CAPTIVATING LATINA

LOCATION: Miami, Florida

AGE: 22

PROFILE: Twitter.com/JenCapone1

Since breaking into the XXX biz a few years back, Jen Capone has been superselective in what she adds to her résumé. Fans may be disappointed that the 5-foot-5 dreamboat is so elusive, but there's no denying that her pretty face, homegrown boobies (capped by chocolate-brown nipples) and meaty ass are very persuasive once her clothes come off.

Born in Cuba and raised in Miami, Jen worked in the nursing industry before discovering she really dug being in front of the camera. "Since I was a little girl," she tells us, "I remember going into my mom's closet and playing dress-up and putting makeup on my face."

In addition to going hardcore in flicks like *Horny Housekeepers* and *Hot Bush Volume 3*, Jen likes to get naked for a variety of fetish assignments, even donning gas masks and mouthing ball gags with no complaint. "I love doing shoots that involve balloon-popping, tickling, giantess role-playing and being kinky underwater," Jen marvels.

Jen's a traveling enthusiast who especially enjoys stuffing her face in public. "One of my favorite pastimes is trying new restaurants," she explains. "I love food; I'm a skinny girl with a big girl's appetite!"

Here's the skinny on guys who get to be part of Jen's very personal life: "I like a man with some size on him, but he should be fit. He must also be a strong-minded person who knows how to kiss and has a sense of humor."

Jen Capone may be somewhat of a novice onscreen, but don't let that fool you. In bed she really knows how to cap a dalliance: "Anal with a Magic Wand on my clit. I get hot just thinking about it."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DDG PHOTOS

WELCOME TO VOYEURS' FAVORITE AMATEUR SHOWCASE SINCE 1976!

BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

"I was too shy to be a cheerleader. Now look at me, but you can do more than that!"

"It's itchy and annoying when I don't shave my cookie."

AMI

Although the mag you're holding hasn't officially been dubbed an April Fool's Issue, we've brought back this Hartford, Connecticut, hairstylist with green locks, braces, a bald snatch and a dandy backside. That Ami is cute as a button, cracking a smile in all her pics and turning 20 in poet T.S. Eliot's "cruelest month" assuredly sealed the deal. "I am funny, naughty, geeky and weird in my own way," the 5-foot-9 "big flirt" admits. "I love to draw, I'm into Tantric sex, I have a serious bondage fetish, and I fool around with girls." By the way, Ami is also enamored of Johnny Depp, *Family Guy*, *American Dad*, Animal Planet, *Grey's Anatomy* and pumpkin pie. A cowgirl and doggy-style devotee, Ami yearns to be embraced and banged in "a threesome with two much older guys." —Photos by Kickback Productions

TERRA INCOGNITA

This "laid-back, funny and inquisitive" burlesque performer from Parma, Ohio, is a knitting, costume-making, vaudeville and hockey aficionada. Terra Incognita, 33, is also a killer in the grindhouse flick *She Devils A Go Go*. "I'm the she-devil who takes down a string of mostly male victims in a gory and campy fashion," the 5-foot-4 punk-music diehard discloses. "I have a fully nude, girl-on-girl shower scene. Since you can't steam up the camera lens, the water was ice-cold! But my costar and I quickly heated things up. *She Devils A Go Go* has gotten great reactions at filmfests." Terra, whose fave bands are the Dwarves and 7 Seconds, also digs *Jeopardy!* But by letting it all hang out here, she won't have to reply to our stabs with questions. What is that juicy crevice between your legs? "My pussy if I'm being sexy; my clown pocket if I'm being silly." Do you diddle? "Yep, usually with a vibrator while watching porn." Best way for a partner to induce an orgasm? "Oral please!" Wildest romp? "A quickie with a rock star in a car parked in his folks' driveway." Your most devilish desire? "Double penetration. I love anal." —Photos byDavidKPhoto.com

HEATHER

"I am self-motivated for any assignment," reckons Heather, 21, a "very forward" stripper out of Killeen, Texas. "My choice? Sex slave! I am bi and up for anything!" At this point we'll stick in (less dramatically than her toy-rific DP) that the 5-foot-7 eye-catcher fancies partying, country music, horseback riding, *Desperate Housewives*, *Two and a Half Men*, threesomes and fornicating backdoor-style. Moving forward with a pair of fantasies, Heather coos, "I would like to try role-playing and have sex with my guy and another girl on a beach." —Photos by Ron Neumann

"I love to masturbate in bed as my boy toy watches."

AJA' CHACHANHSY

"I love being naked and would love everyone to see me that way," raves this aspiring "adult-scene photo-studio owner" from Richmond, California. "I've always loved the sexy women in HUSTLER, and it would be great to be one." Aja' ChaChanhsy, 25, is so durn sexy and uninhibited, she nabbed a Spotlight berth. "I'm bouncy and outgoing," the 5-foot-5 Thai-and-Laotian "funball" elaborates. "I think I was a comedian in my past life because I make everyone around me laugh." But the MMA, burlesque dancing, crafts, poetry and Netflix fan is way more than a ham. She's a "flirtatious, sensual lover" who's "up to doing anything adventurous." To wit, Aja' recalls, "My boyfriend at the time and I were in a movie theater. Feeling very frisky, I put my hand in his pants and started to stroke his cock. It got so hard, I couldn't help but want to taste it. Then I caught the only other couple in the theater watching. That turned me on even more, so we gave them a show that was way better than the movie that was playing. My best sexual talent is being able to deep-throat for a long time." In lieu of popcorn, Aja' shares her cinematic fantasy: "I would love to be in a threesome with Jason Statham and Gerard Butler filling all my holes with their juices." —Photos by Cindafella Studios

"I like to keep my pussy clean shaven so I can see where a lover's tongue travels."

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

"Why are guys so fascinated by Asian women? We are the obedient and loyal girlfriend you can bring to meet your parents and know you can later take out to the garage to turn into that freak who'll suck you off."

"My favorite position for getting dicked is on my stomach with my legs together. That way my man can cum all over my ass."

"It totally gets me hot watching porn with girls squirting. Can you imagine having an orgasm that intense? OMG! I'm trying."

TIFFANY CREAM

A "born-and-raised Arizona girl," this 24-year-old Phoenix denizen says, "I wished to appear in Larry Flynt's mag because knowing that people are looking at me naked and getting turned on is flattering and will give me confidence. My fiancé encouraged me. I didn't think I'd be accepted, but he said I would." Tiffany Cream—who tabs herself as "outspoken, smart, horny and a risk taker"—is a top-notch Beaver *and* bride-to-be. "I'm always ready to suck my man's dick whether we're just waking up, driving, watching TV, going to bed, whenever," the 5-foot-6 newbie fesses up. "My specialty is what we call the cranker—giving the tip of his cock a blowjob while stroking the shaft in a circular motion. It drives him crazy!" Tiffany sure keeps busy: "I love going to strip clubs and concerts, scrapbooking, swimming and watching porn, *I Love Lucy* and movies. My favorite is *Meet Joe Black*." (No relation to Raven Black). She adds, "My sexual orientation is 95% straight, 5% bi-curious. I like girls because no one knows a woman's body better than another woman, but I prefer my man's nice hard cock to dick me down until I cum all over myself." Tiffany, who had "my best orgasm ever during a quickie in a casino laundry room," wants to be more brazen: "Recently I've felt the urge to get dicked down in public—like on the top of our car in a field or down a back road against a tree. Fuck yeah, that sounds so exciting!" —Photos by Fiancé

RAVEN BLACK

"It makes me feel empowered and sexy to pose nude," proclaims Raven Black, 23, a "fun-loving, unpredictable bombshell" from Independence, Missouri. "My husband thinks it's hot that I get naked for the whole world to see. Sharing is caring. My favorite thing is to turn on the webcam and fuck doggy-style while everyone is watching." Additional turn-ons include "goofing off with my friends," camping, fishing, raves, video games (led by *The Legend of Zelda* and *Halo*), volunteering at animal shelters and Belegarth (donning medieval costumes and fighting with foam-padded weapons). Of course, the 5-foot-3, "pansexual" Show-Me Stater is keen on padding her carnal exploits. "I'm a geek, yet I'm still hot!" Raven exults. "One time we got it on in the bathtub with our faces painted up like clowns. I've also had sex on the side of a highway, in a car while a guy was driving, on his parents' bed and while hanging upside down." It comes as no surprise that Raven, whose fave band is Kittie, has a geeky fantasy: "I want to give a guy a blowjob while he's playing a video game." —Photos by Friend

"Once you get to my pussy, you never wanna leave it."

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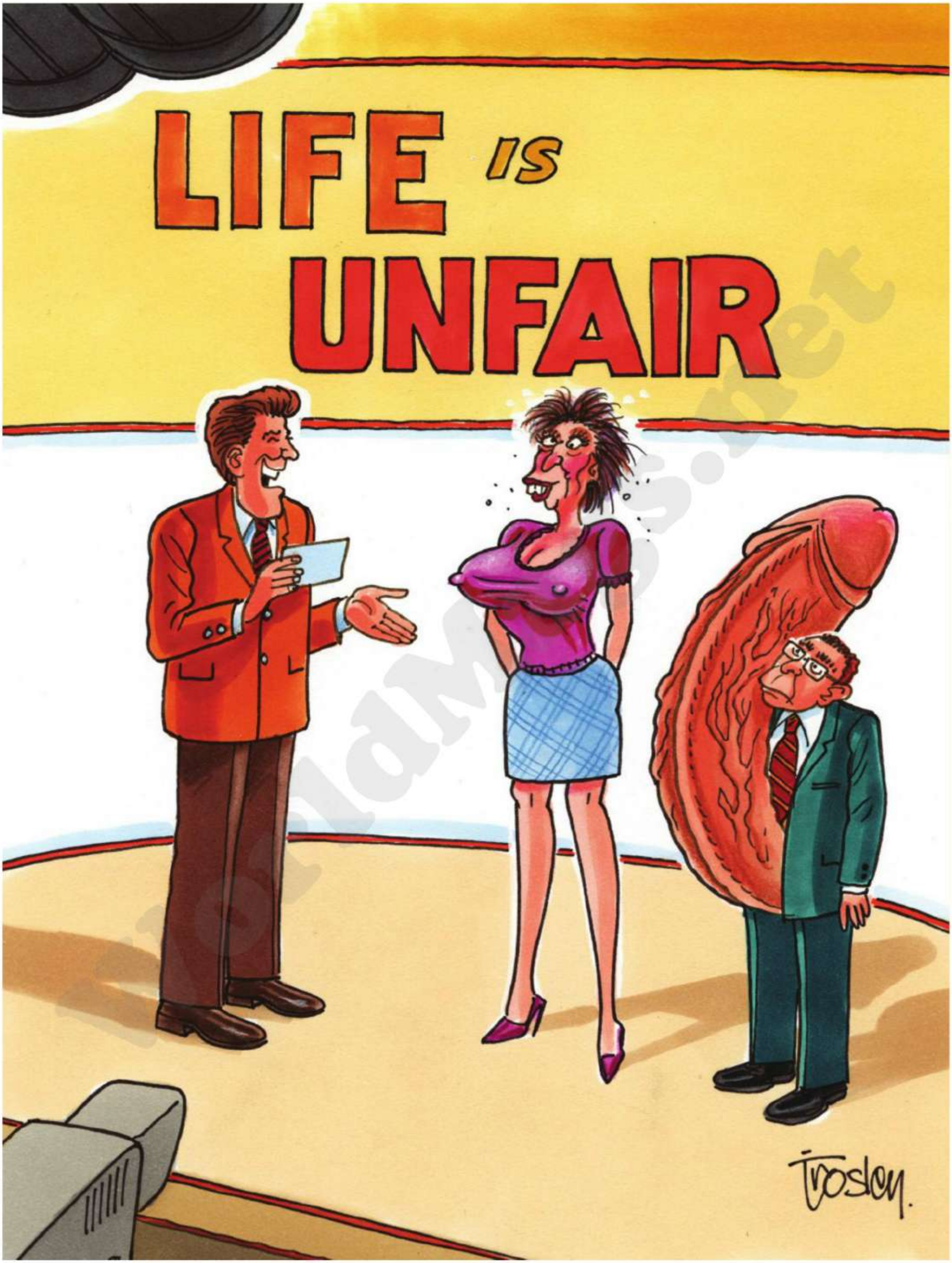
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"And here are our two contestants for this evening…"

THE PERILS OF BEING CHESTY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

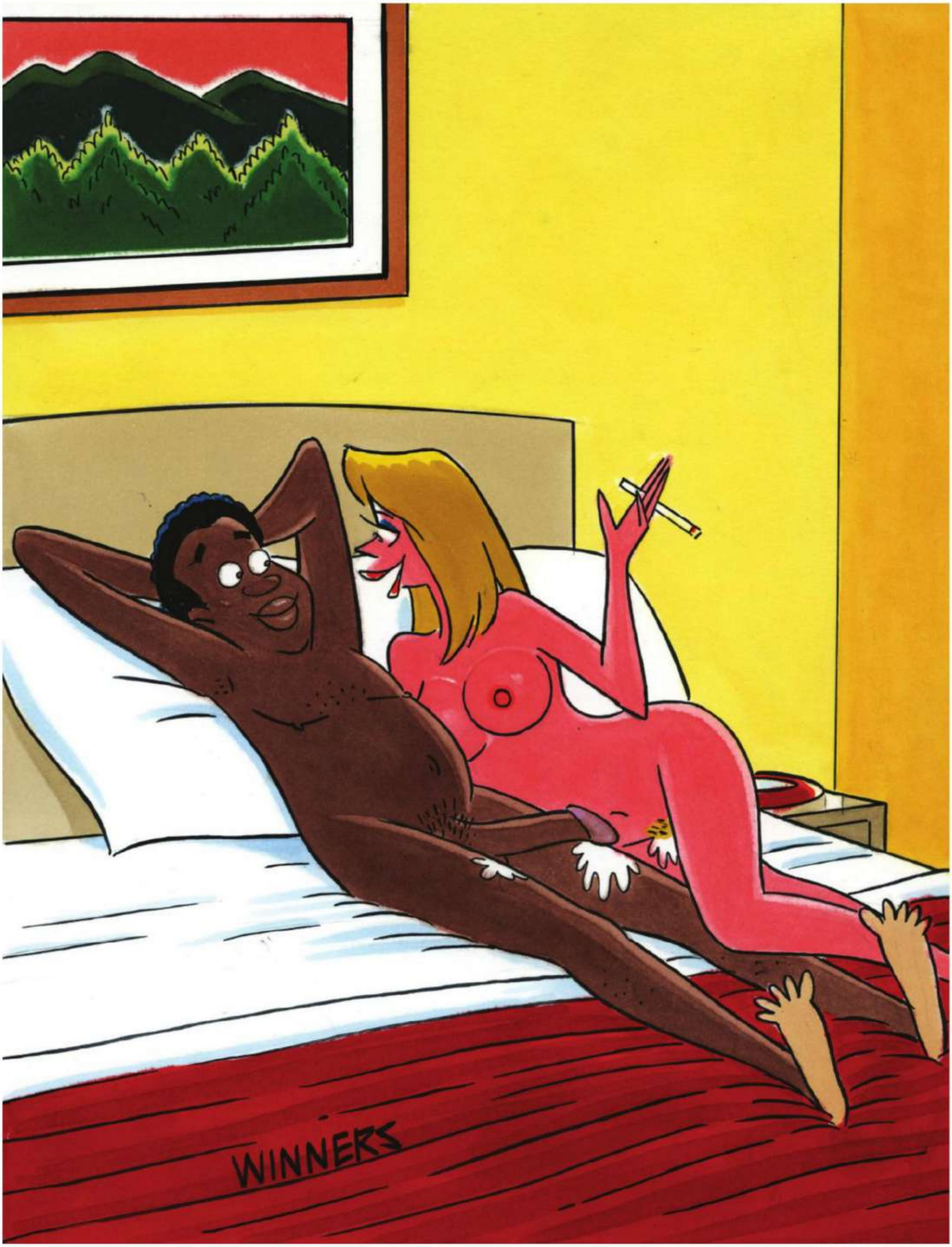
Most people assume that a chick with massive tits has it easy. For evidence that brabusting beauties don't have the world handed to them on a silver platter, please read the following harrowing accounts:

Aspiring auto mechanic Betty (**Jacky Joy**) has been desperately hunting for work. In spite of her qualifications, grease monkeys won't accept the blue-collar bombshell as one of their own. In order to prove that she can handle a tool, Betty seduces a dim-witted body-shop owner (**Anthony Rosano**) and yanks his wrench until the job is hers.

Pretty Polly (**Melina Mason**) is the CFO of a nationwide popsicle business, but this overpaid babe also has a penchant for wearing slutty clothing. When a cop (**Derrick Pierce**) mistakes Polly for a hooker because of her outrageous attire, she has to suck and fuck him to avoid being busted.

Finally, meet Lucy (**Leya Falcon**). Her funbags are always attracting the wrong dudes. She's dated heroin addicts and serial killers, but Lucy truly hits rock bottom when she screws a Tea Party congressman (**Otto Bauer**) in a dingy D.C. bar.

We hope you'll agree: It ain't easy being big-boobed.



"My ol' redneck daddy is probably turning over in his grave right about now!"

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BETHANY: LAID BACK

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

Bethany is a mellow Southern California coed who prefers to take life as it comes—nice and easy and full of surprises. "People are always hustling, shoving, prodding and getting nowhere fast," she says. "All their effort is wasted, since they simply don't take time to feel the true pulse of life." So don't expect to find this 23-year-old broiling herself on a crowded beach. **Bethany** would much rather while away the time in the warm glow of her elegant but modest breezeway, waiting for an unexpected visitor—who may be the man of her dreams.

The May '13 issue goes on sale February 19, 2013. Visit our website at HustlerMagazine.com.

BAMBI WOLFE

COMING NEXT

COSPLAY GODDESS

Melding the words *costume* and *play*, cosplay is now so popular, it brings hordes of diehards to conventions like Southern California's Power-Con. That's where our reporter tracked down Brit-doll Tanya Tate, who was holding court while dressed up as the superheroine She-Ra—twin sister of the mighty He-Man. See for yourself why this "old-fashioned girl at heart"—who's shagged in loads of XXX flicks—has been hailed as "the best thing to come out of Liverpool since the Beatles."

ATL TWINS TEAR IT UP!

"When we were little, we wanted to be celebrities," recall the horndawgs known as the ATL Twins. Judging by their current digs—an Atlanta penthouse—the junior-high dropouts are killin' it. Since age 13, the "skateboarding gurus" have doubled-up on every chick that dropped her panties. "We've fucked 5 million girls," they claim. The doped-out duo now portray identical thugs in Harmony Korine's hottie-laced flick *Spring Breakers*. Invading HUSTLER headquarters, the dudes grope our gals and spit game on partying hard, sleeping in the same bed and "tag-teaming fine-ass bitches."

MEET SUPERHORNY!

You don't have to be a comic-book geek to marvel hard at this superheroine. An action figure with a to-die-for figure, SuperHorny lives up to her moniker. No engorged veggie is safe! Lambasting cultural icons like overpriced popcorn, tight-assed Taylor Swift and a certain lantern-jawed late-night host, she also dishes out the sloppy truth about Hollywood's horniest man-whore. Our cosplay chaos continues with the invincible Sunny Lane as Batgirl XXX and our POV parody *Sailor Poon*, starring luscious Lexi Belle.

WHO BOMBED JUDI BARI?

Twenty-three years ago next month, Earth First! activists Judi Bari and Darryl Cherney were campaigning to save California's redwood forests when a bomb planted in Bari's car exploded. Along with devastating injuries, they suffered accusations of sabotage and terrorism. The charges were dropped, but new evidence has emerged. Were the FBI and Big Timber involved? Could the alleged bomber known as Lord's Avenger be a woman? Our chilling interview with Darryl Cherney uncovers facts almost too disturbing to believe.